McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

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Official Directory

STATE.
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[illegible] Samuel M. Jackson.
[illegible] David McM. Gregg.
[illegible] Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

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[illegible] of Election—J. C. Backus.
[illegible] of Election—E. F. Waller, John [illegible]

[illegible] Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in [illegible], First Monday in June and October [illegible] Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street, GEO. R. BROWNELL, W. M. [illegible] HOLDER, Sec'y.

[illegible] O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets [illegible] evening [illegible] in I. O. O. F. Hall [illegible] Initiatory degree 1st meeting of [illegible] month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on [illegible], and 3d degree on fourth meetings. P. D. HOPKINS, N. G. [illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible] O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. [illegible] meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. T. H. [illegible], Chief Patriarch. [illegible], Scribe.

[illegible] R.—McKean Post No. [illegible], meets First [illegible] Third Thursday evening of each month at [illegible] in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus [illegible]. T. A. MORRISON, Com. [illegible] CHOATE, Adjutant.

[illegible] R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at [illegible] Hall, Backus Block. MRS. SARAH M. VICKERY, Pres. MRS. LIZZIE CHAMBERS, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 27, meet 1st and 3d [illegible] evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. B. L. KNAPP, Em. Com. [illegible] DOWNEY, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets [illegible] fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block. CHAS. [illegible], M. W. [illegible], Recorder.

[illegible] Smethport Union, No. 525, meets on [illegible] and fourth Wednesday evenings of [illegible] month in I. O. O. F. hall. E. L. KEENAN, President. MISS S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block. W. G. HOLDEN, Com. [illegible] GILBERT, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive No. [illegible] Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons. MRS. [illegible], Com. MRS. JUDITH [illegible], R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month [illegible] W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m. [illegible] LYNCH, Pres't. THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel. MRS. D. L. [illegible], Pres. MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Churches

Methodist—Rev. J. W. Wright, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath school immediately after morning services. [illegible] Meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. Teacher's meetings Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. [illegible] Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. G. W. HALLIWELL, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. HENRY McCANDLESS, Rector. [illegible] every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] service at 9 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:00 a. m.

[illegible] *Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport. Rev. J. HENRY McCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—J. J. GALLIGAN, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 [illegible]. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and [illegible].

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 by Rev. A. [illegible]. Sabbath school immediately after the preaching.

Swedish—P. W. [illegible] Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 a. m., [illegible] p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching. Covenant's Meeting, Saturday 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

Swedish church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.; Sunday School [illegible] p. m.; Gospel service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

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[illegible] Main & Second Sts., 2nd floor.

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MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.
AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," ETC.
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CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF THOMAS WINGFIELD.

I, Thomas Wingfield, was born here at Ditchingham and in this very room where I write today. I am sprung from the family of the Wingfields of Wingfield castle, in Suffolk, that lies some two hours on horseback from this place. My grandfather was a shrewd man, more of a yeoman than a squire, though his birth was gentle. He it was who bought this place with the lands round it and gathered up some fortune, mostly by carefully marrying and living, for though he had but one son he was twice married, and also by trading in cattle.

Now, my grandfather was godly minded even to superstition, and, strange as it may seem, having only one son, nothing would satisfy him but that the boy should be made a priest. But my father had little leaning toward the priesthood and life in a monastery, though at all seasons my grandfather strove to reason it into him, sometimes with words and examples, at others with his thick cudgel of holly that still hangs over the ingle in the smaller sitting room. The end of it was that the lad was sent to the priory here in Bungay, where his conduct was of such nature that within a year the prior prayed his parents to take him back and set him to some way of secular life. Not only, said the prior, did my father cause scandal by his actions, breaking out of the priory at night and visiting drinking houses and other places, but such was the sum of his wickedness he did not scruple to question and make mock of the very doctrines of the church, alleging even that there was nothing sacred in the image of the Virgin Mary which stood in the chancel, and shut his eyes in prayer before all the congregation when the priest elevated the host. "Therefore," said the prior, "I pray you to take back your son and let him find some other road to the stake than that which runs through the gates of Bungay priory."

It was believed both by my grandfather and the prior that the true cause of my father's contumacy was a passion which he had conceived for a girl of humble birth, a miller's fair daughter who dwelt at Waingford Mills. So the end of it was that he went to foreign parts in the care of a party of Spanish monks, who had journeyed here to Norfolk on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.

Thus it chanced that when he had sailed from Yarmouth a year and six months there came a letter from the abbot of the monastery in Seville to his brother the prior of St Mary's at Bungay, saying that my father had fled from the monastery.

Two more years passed away, and then came other news—namely, that my father had been captured, that he had been handed over to the power of the holy office, as the accursed inquisition was then named, and tortured to death at Seville. When my grandfather heard this, he wept. Still he did not believe that my father was dead in truth, since on the last day of his own life that ended two years later, he spoke of him as a living man and left messages to him as to the management of the lands which were now his.

And in the end it became clear that this belief was not ill founded, for one day, three years after the old man's death, there landed at the port of Yarmouth none other than my father, who had been absent some eight years in all. Nor did he come alone, for with him he brought a wife, a young and very lovely lady, who afterward was my mother. She was a Spaniard of noble family, having been born at Seville, and her maiden name was Donna Luisa de Garcia.

There were three of us children—Geoffrey, my elder brother, myself and my sister Mary, who was one year my junior, the sweetest child and the most beautiful that I have ever known. We were very happy children, and our beauty was the pride of our father and mother and the envy of other parents. I was the darkest of the three, dark indeed to swarthiness, but in Mary the Spanish blood showed only in her rich eyes of velvet hue, and in the glow upon her cheek that was like the blush on a ripe fruit.

My mother used to call me her little Spaniard because of my swarthiness—that is, when my father was not near, for such names angered him. She never learned to speak English very well, but he would suffer her to talk in no other tongue before him. Still when he was not there she spoke in Spanish, of which language, however, I alone of the family became a master, and that was more because of certain volumes of old Spanish romances which she had by her than for any other reason. From my earliest childhood I was fond of such tales, and it was by bribing me with the promise that I should read them that she persuaded me to learn Spanish, for my mother's heart still yearned toward her old sunny home, and often she would talk of it with us children, more especially in the winter season, which she hated as I do. Once I asked her if she wished to go back to Spain. She shivered and answered no, for there dwelt one who was her enemy and would kill her, also her heart was with us children and our father.

Now, when I was 18½ years old, on a certain evening in the month of May, it happened that a friend of my father's, Squire Bozard, late of the hall in this parish, called at the lodge on his road from Yarmouth, and in the course of his talk let it fall that a Spanish ship was at anchor in the roads laden with merchandise. My father pricked up his ears at this and asked who her captain might be. Squire Bozard answered that he did not know his name, but that he had seen him in the market place, a tall and stately man, richly dressed, with a handsome face and a scar upon his temple.

At this news my mother turned pale beneath her olive skin and muttered in Spanish.

"Holy Mother, grant that it be not he!"

My father also looked frightened and questioned the squire closely as to the man's appearance, but without learning anything more. Then he bade him adieu with little ceremony, and taking horse rode away for Yarmouth.

That night my mother never slept, but sat all through it in her nursing chair, brooding over I know not what. As I left her when I went to my bed so I found her when I came from it at dawn. I can remember well pushing the door ajar to see her face glimmering white in the twilight of the May morning as she sat, her large eyes fixed upon the lattice.

"You have risen early, mother," I said.

"I have never laid down, Thomas," she answered.

"Why not? What do you fear?"

"I fear the past and the future, my son. Would that your father were back."

About 10 o'clock of that morning, as I was making ready to walk into Bungay to the house of the physician under whom I was learning the art of healing, my father rode up. My mother, who was watching at the lattice, ran out to meet him.

Springing from his horse, he embraced her, saying: "Be of good cheer, sweet; it cannot be he. This man has another name."

"But did you see him?" she asked.

"No; he was out at his ship for the night, and I hurried home to tell you, knowing your fears."

"It were surer if you had seen him, husband. He may well have taken another name."

"I never thought of that, sweet," my father answered, "but have no fear. Should it be he, and should he dare to set foot in the parish of Ditchingham, there are those who will know how to deal with him. But I am sure that it is not he."

"Thanks be to Jesu then!" she said, and they began talking in a low voice.

Now, seeing that I was not wanted, I took my cudgel and started down the bridge path toward the common foot bridge, when suddenly my mother called me back.

"Kiss me before you go, Thomas," she said. "You must wonder what all this may mean. One day your father will tell you. It has to do with a shadow which has hung over my life for many years, but that is, I trust, gone forever."

"Kiss me before you go, Thomas," she said.

"If it be a man who flings it, he had best keep out of reach of this," I said, laughing and shaking my thick stick.

"It is a man," she answered, "but one to be dealt with otherwise than by blows, Thomas, should you ever chance to meet him."

"May be, mother, but might is the best argument at the last, for the most cunning have a life to lose."

"You are too ready to use your strength, son," she said, smiling and kissing me. "Remember the old Spanish proverb, 'He strikes hardest who strikes last.'"

"And remember the other proverb, mother, 'Strike before thou art stricken,'" I answered and went.

I never saw her again till she was dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMING OF THE SPANIARD.

And now I must go back and speak of my own matters. As I have told, it was my father's wish that I should be a physician, and since I came back from my schooling at Norwich—that was when I had entered on my sixteenth year—I had studied medicine under the doctor who practiced his art in the neighborhood of Bungay. He was a very learned man and an honest, Grimstone by name, and as I had some liking for the business I made good progress under him.

Medicine was not the only thing that I studied in those days, however. Squire Bozard of Ditchingham, the same who told my father of the coming of the Spanish ship, had two living children, a son and a daughter, though his wife had borne him many more who died in infancy. The daughter was named Lily and of my own age, having been born three weeks after me in the same year.

From our earliest days we children, Bozards and Wingfields, lived almost as brothers and sisters, for day by day we met and played together in the snow or in the flowers. Thus it would be hard for me to say when I began to love Lily or when she began to love me, but I know that when I first went to school at Norwich I grieved more at losing sight of her than because I must part from my mother and the rest. In all our games she was ever my partner, and I would search the country round for days to find such flowers as she chanced to love. When I came back from school, it was the same, though by degrees Lily grew shier, and I also grew suddenly shy, perceiving that from a child she had become a woman. Still we met often, and, though neither said anything of it, it was sweet to us to meet.

Thus things went on till this day of my mother's death. But before I go further I must tell that Squire Bozard looked with no favor on the friendship between his daughter and myself, and this not because he disliked me, but rather because he would have seen Lily wedded to my elder brother, Geoffrey, my father's heir, and not to a younger son. So hard did he grow about the matter at last that we two might scarcely meet except by seeming accident, whereas my brother was ever welcome at the hall. And on this account some bitterness arose between us two brothers, as is apt to be the case when a woman comes between friends, however close, for it must be known that my brother Geoffrey also loved Lily, as all men would have loved her, and with a better right perhaps than I had, for he was my elder by three years and born to possessions.

Now, when I had attained 19 years I was a man full grown, and, writing as I do in extreme old age I may say it without false shame, a very handsome youth to boot. I was not overtall indeed, measuring but 5 feet 9½ inches in height, but my limbs were well made, and I was both deep and broad in the chest. In color I was, and, my white hair notwithstanding, am still, extraordinarily dark hued; my eyes also were large and dark, and my hair, which was wavy, was coal black. In my deportment I was reserved and grave to sadness; in speech I was slow and temperate and more apt at listening than in talking. I weighed matters well before I made up my mind upon them, but being made up nothing could turn me from that mind short of death itself, whether it were set on good or evil, on folly or wisdom. In those days also I had little religion, since partly because of my father's secret teaching and partly through the workings of my own reason I learned to doubt the doctrines of the church as they used to be set out.

On this sad day of which I write I knew that Lily, whom I loved, would be walking alone beneath the great pollard oaks in the park at Ditchingham hall. Here, in Grubswell, as the spot is called, grew, indeed still grow, certain hawthorn trees that are the earliest to blow of any in these parts, and when we had met at the church door on the Sunday Lily said that there would be bloom upon them by the Wednesday, and on that afternoon she should go to cut it. It may well be that she spoke thus with design, for love will breed cunning in the heart of the most guileless and truthful maid. Then and there I vowed to myself that I also would be gathering hawthorn bloom in this same place, and on that Wednesday afternoon—yes, even if I must play truant and leave all the sick of Bungay to nature's nursing. Moreover, I was determined on one thing—that if I could find Lily alone I would delay no longer, but tell her all that was in my heart, no great secret indeed, for though no word of love had ever passed between us as yet each knew the other's hidden thoughts.

Now, it chanced that on this afternoon I was hard put to it to escape to my tryst, for my master, the physician, was ailing and sent me to visit the sick for him, carrying them their medicines. At the last, however, between 4 and 5 o'clock, I fled, asking no leave. Taking the Norwich road, I ran for a mile and more till I had passed the Manor House and the church turn and drew near to Ditchingham park. Then I dropped my pace to a walk, for I did not wish to come before Lily heated and disordered, but rather looking my best, to which end I had put on my Sunday garments. Now, as I went down the little hill in the road that runs past the park I saw a man on horseback who looked first at the bridle path that at this spot turns off to the right, then back across the common lands toward the Vineyard hills and the Waveney, and then along the road, as though he did not know which way to turn. I was quick to notice things, though at this moment my mind was not at its swiftest, being set on other matters and chiefly as to how I should tell my tale to Lily, and I saw at once that this man was not of our country.

He was very tall and noble looking, dressed in rich garments of velvet adorned by a gold chain that hung about his neck, and, as I judged, about 40 years of age. But it was his face which chiefly caught my eye, for that moment there was something terrible about it. It was long, thin and deeply carved. The eyes were large and gleamed like gold in sunlight; the mouth was small and well shaped, but it wore a devilish and cruel sneer; the forehead lofty, indicating a man of mind, and marked with a slight scar. For the rest the cavalier was dark and southern looking, his curling hair, like my own, was black, and he wore a peaked chestnut colored beard.

By the time that I had finished these observations my feet had brought me almost to the stranger's side, and for the first time he caught sight of me. Instantly his face changed, the sneer left it, and it became kindly and pleasant looking. Lifting his bonnet with much courtesy, he stammered something in broken English of which all I could catch was the word Yarmouth. Then, perceiving that I did not understand him, he cursed the English tongue, and all those who spoke it, aloud and in good Castilian.

"If the señor will graciously express his wish in Spanish," I said, speaking in that language, "it may be in my power to help him."

"What, you speak Spanish, young sir!" he said, starting, "and yet you are not a Spaniard, though by your face you well might be. Caramba, but it is strange!" and he eyed me curiously.

"It may be strange, sir," I answered, "but I am in haste. Be pleased to ask your question and let me go."

"Ah," he said, "perhaps I can guess the reason of your hurry. I saw a white robe down by the streamlet yonder," and he nodded toward the park. "Take the advice of an older man, young sir, and be careful. Make what sport you will with such, but never believe them and never marry them—lest you should live to desire to kill them!"

Here I made as though I would pass on, but he spoke again:

"Pardon my words; they were well meant, and perhaps you may come to learn their truth. I will detain you no more. Will you graciously direct me on my road to Yarmouth, for I am not sure of it, having ridden by another way, and your English country is so full of trees that a man cannot see a mile?"

I walked a dozen paces down the bridle path that joined the road at this place and pointed out the way that he should go, past Ditchingham church. As I did so I noticed that while I spoke the stranger was watching my face keenly, and it seemed to me with an inward fear which he strove to master and could not. When I had finished, he raised his bonnet and thanked me, saying:

"Will you be so gracious as to tell me your name, young sir?"

"What is my name to you?" I answered roughly, for I disliked this man. "You have not told me yours."

"No, indeed; I am traveling incognito. Perhaps I also have met a lady in these parts," and he smiled strangely. "I only wished to know the name of one who had done me a courtesy, but who, it seems, is not so courteous as I deemed." And he shook his horse's reins.

"I am not ashamed of my name," I said. "It has been an honest one so far, and if you wish to know it it is Thomas Wingfield."

"I thought it," he cried, and as he spoke his face grew like the face of a fiend. Then before I could find time even to wonder he had sprung from his horse and stood within three paces of me.

"A lucky day! Now we will see what truth there is in prophecies," he said, drawing his silver mounted sword. "A name for a name, Juan de Garcia gives you greeting, Thomas Wingfield."

Now, strange as it may seem, it was at this moment only that there flashed across my mind the thought of all that I had heard about the Spanish stranger, the report of whose coming to Yarmouth had stirred my father and mother so deeply. At any other time I should have remembered it soon enough, but on this day I was so set upon my tryst with Lily and what I should say to her that nothing else could hold a place in my thoughts.

"This must be the man," I said to myself, and then I said no more, for he was on me, sword up. I saw the keen point flash toward me and sprang to one side, having a desire to fly, as, being unarmed except for my stick, I might have done without shame. But spring as I would I could not avoid the thrust altogether. It was aimed at my heart, and it pierced the sleeve of my left arm, passing through the flesh—no more. Yet at the pain of that cut all thought of flight left me, and instead of it a cold anger filled me, causing me to wish to kill this man who had attacked me thus and unprovoked. In my hand was my stout oaken staff, which I had cut myself on the banks of Hollow hill, and if I would fight I must make such play with this as I might. It seems a poor weapon indeed to match against a Toledo blade in the hands of one who could handle it well, and yet there are virtues in a cudgel, for when a man sees himself threatened with it he is likely to forget that he holds in his hand a more deadly weapon, and to take to the guarding of his own head in place of running his adversary through the body.

And that was what chanced in this case, though how it came about exactly I cannot tell. The Spaniard was a fine swordsman, and had I been armed as he was would doubtless have overmatched me, who at that age had no practice in the art, which was almost unknown in England. But when he saw the big stick flourished over him he forgot his own advantage and raised his arm to ward away the blow. Down it came upon the back of his hand, and, his sword fell from it to the grass. But I did not spare him because of that, for my blood was up. The next stroke took him on the lips, knocking out a tooth and sending him backward. Then I caught him by the leg and beat him unmercifully, not upon the head indeed, for now that I was victor I did not wish to kill one whom I thought a madman, as I would that I had done, but on every other part of him.

Indeed I thrashed him till my arms were weary, and then I fell to kicking him, and all the while he writhed like a wounded snake and cursed horribly, though he never cried out or asked for mercy. At last I ceased and looked at him, and he was no pretty sight to see. Indeed what with his cuts and bruises and the mire of the roadway it would have been hard to know him for the gallant cavalier whom I had met not five minutes before. But uglier than all his hurts was the look in his wicked eyes as he lay there on his back in the pathway and glared up at me.

"Now, friend Spaniard," I said, "you have learned a lesson, and what is there to hinder me from treating you as you would have dealt with me who had never harmed you?" And I took up his sword and held it to his throat.

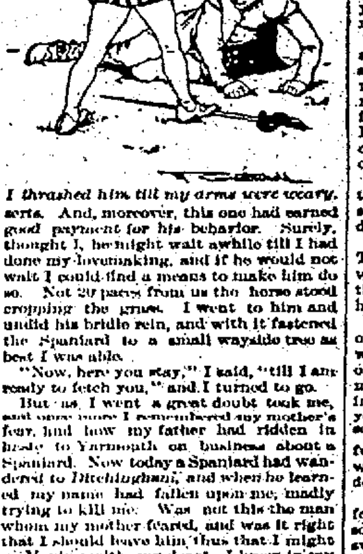
"Strike home, you accursed whelp!" he answered in a broken voice. "It is better to die than live to remember such shame as this."

"No," I said; "I am no foreign murderer to kill a defenseless man. You shall away to the justice to answer for yourself. The hangman has a rope for such as you."

"Then you must drag me thither," he groaned and shut his eyes as though with faintness, and doubtless he was somewhat faint.

Now, as I pondered on what should be done with the villain, it chanced that I looked up through a gap in the fence, and there, among the Grubswell oaks 300 yards or more away, I caught sight of the flutter of a white robe that I knew well, and it seemed to me that the wearer of that robe was moving toward the bridge of the "watering," as though she were weary of waiting for one who did not come.

Then I thought to myself that if I staid to drag this man to the village stocks or some other safe place there would be an end of meeting with my love that day, and I did not know when I might find another chance. Now, I would not have missed that hour's talk with Lily to bring a score of murderous minded foreigners to their deserts. And, moreover, this one had earned good payment for his behavior. Surely, thought I, he might wait awhile till I had done my lovemaking, and if he would not wait I could find a means to make him do so. Not 20 paces from us the horse stood cropping the grass. I went to him and undid his bridle rein, and with it fastened the Spaniard to a small wayside tree as best I was able.



I thrashed him till my arms were weary.

"Now, here you stay," I said, "till I am ready to fetch you," and I turned to go.

But as I went a great doubt took me, and once more I remembered my mother's fear, and how my father had ridden in haste to Yarmouth on business about a Spaniard. Now today a Spaniard had wandered to Ditchingham, and when he learned my name had fallen upon me, madly trying to kill me. Was not this the man whom my mother feared, and was it right that I should leave him thus that I might go Maying with my dear? I knew in my breast that it was not right, but I was so set upon my desire and so strongly did my heartstrings pull me toward her whose white robe now fluttered on the slope of the Park hill that I never heeded the warning.

Well had it been for me if I had done so and well for some who were yet unborn. Then they had never known death, nor I the land of exile, the taste of slavery and the altar of sacrifice.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS TELLS HIS LOVE.

Having made the Spaniard as fast as I could, his arms being bound to the tree behind him, and taking his sword with me, I began to run hard after Lily and caught her not too soon, for in one more minute she would have turned along the road that runs to the watering and over the bridge by the Park hill path to the hall.

Hearing my footsteps, she faced about to greet me, or rather as though to see who it was that followed her. There she stood in the evening light, a bough of hawthorn bloom in her hand, and my heart beat yet more wildly at the sight of her. Never had she seemed fairer than as she stood thus in her white robe, a look of amaze upon her face and in her gray eyes that was half real, half feigned, and with the sunlight shifting on her auburn hair that showed beneath her little bonnet. Lily was no round cheeked country maid, with few beauties save those of health and youth, but a tall and shapely lady, who had ripened early to her full grace and sweetness, and so it came about that, though we were almost of an age, yet in her presence I felt always as though I were the younger. Thus in my love for her was mingled some touch of reverence.

"Oh, it is you, Thomas," she said, blushing as she spoke. "I thought you were not—I mean that I am going home, as it grows late. But, say, why do you run so fast, and what has happened to you, Thomas, that your arm is bloody and you carry a sword in your hand?"

Having made the Spaniard as fast as I could.

"I have no breath to speak yet," I answered. "Come back to the hawthorns, and I will tell you."

"No; I must be wending homeward. I have been among the trees for more than an hour, and there is little bloom upon them."

"I could not come before, Lily. I was kept and in a strange manner; also I saw bloom as I ran."

"Indeed I never thought that you would come, Thomas," she answered, looking down, "who have other things to do than to go out Maying like a girl. But I wish to hear your story, if it is short, and I will walk a little way with you."

So we turned and walked side by side toward the great pollard oaks, and by the time that we reached them I had told her the tale of the Spaniard, and how he strove to kill me, and how I had beaten him with my staff. Now, Lily listened eagerly enough and sighed with fear when she learned how close I had been to death.

"But you are wounded, Thomas!" she broke in. "See, the blood runs fast from your arm. Is the thrust deep?"

"I have not looked to see. I have had no time to look."

"Take off your coat, Thomas, that I may dress the wound. Nay, I will have it so."

So I drew off the garment, not without pain, and rolled up the shirt beneath; and there was the hurt—a clean thrust through the fleshy part of the lower arm. Lily washed it with water from the brook and bound it with her kerchief, murmuring words of pity all the while. To say truth, I would have suffered a worse harm gladly if only I could find her to tend it. Indeed her gentle care broke down the fence of my doubts and gave me a courage that otherwise might have failed me in her presence. At first indeed I could find no words, but as she bound my wound I bent down and kissed her ministering hand. She flushed red as the evening sky, the flood of crimson losing itself at last beneath her auburn hair, but it burned deepest upon the white hand which I had kissed.

"Why did you do that, Thomas?" she said in a low voice.

Then I spoke. "I did it because I love you, Lily, and do not know how to begin the telling of my love. I love you, dear, and have always loved, as I always shall love you."

"Are you so sure of that, Thomas?" she said again.

"There is nothing else in the world of which I am so sure, Lily. What I wish to be as sure of is that you love me as I love you."

For a moment she stood quiet, her head sunk almost to her breast. Then she lifted it, and her eyes shone as I had never seen them shine before.

"Can you doubt it, Thomas?" she said,

And now I took her in my arms and kissed her on the lips, and the memory of that kiss has gone with me through my long life and is with me yet, when, old and withered, I stand upon the borders of the grave. It was the greatest joy that has been given to me in all my days. Too soon, alas! it was done, that first pure kiss of youthful love, and I spoke again, somewhat aimlessly:

"It seems, then, that you do love me who love you so well?"

"If you doubted it before, can you doubt it now?" she answered very softly. "But listen, Thomas. It is well that we should love each other, for we were born to it and have no help in the matter, even if we wished to find it. Still, though love be sweet and holy, it is not all, for there is duty to be thought of, and what will my father say to this, Thomas?"

"I do not know, Lily, and yet I can guess. I am sure, sweet, that he wishes you to take my brother Geoffrey and leave me on one side."

"Then his wishes are not mine, Thomas; also, though duty be strong, it is not strong enough to force a woman to a marriage for which she has no liking. Yet it may prove strong enough to keep a woman from a marriage for which her heart pleads. Perhaps also it should have been strong enough to hold me back from the telling of my love."

"No, Lily; the love itself is much, and though it should bring no fruit, still it is something to have won it forever and a day."

"You are very young to talk thus, Thomas. I am also young, I know, but we women ripen quicker. Perhaps all this is but a boy's fancy, to pass with boyhood."

"It will never pass, Lily. They say that our first loves are the longest, and that which is sown in youth will flourish in our age. Listen, Lily. I have my place to make in the world, and it may take a time in the making, and I ask one promise of you, though perhaps it is a selfish thing to seek. I ask of you that you will be faithful to me, and, come fair weather or foul, will wed no other man till you know me dead."

"It is something to promise, Thomas, for with time come changes. Still I am so sure of myself that I promise—nay, I swear it. Of you I cannot be sure, but things are so with us women that we must risk all upon a throw, and if we lose good-by to happiness."

Then we talked on, and I cannot remember what we said, though these words I have written down remain in my mind, partly because of their own weight and in part because of all that came about in the after years.

And at last I knew that I must go, though we were sad enough at parting.

So I took her in my arms and kissed her so closely that some blood from my wound ran down her white attire. But as we embraced I chanced to look up and saw a sight that frightened me enough, for there, not five paces from us, stood Squire Bozard, Lily's father, watching all, and his face wore no smile.

He had been riding by a bridle path to the watering ford, and seeing a couple trespassing beneath the oaks dismounted from his horse to hunt them away. Not till he was quite near did he know whom he came to hunt, and then he stood still in astonishment. He was a short, stout man, with a red face and stern, gray eyes that seemed to be starting from his head with anger. For awhile he could not speak, but when he began at length the words came fast enough. All that he said I forget, but the upshot of it was that he desired to know what my business was with his daughter. I waited till he was out of breath, then answered him that Lily and I loved each other well and were plighting our troth.

"Is this so, daughter?" he asked.

"It is so, my father," she answered boldly.

Then he broke out swearing. "You light minx," he said, "you shall be whipped and kept cool on bread and water in your chamber. And for you, my half bred Spanish cockerel, know once and for all that this maid is for your betters. How dare you come wooing my daughter, you empty pillbox, who have not two silver pennies to rattle in your pouch! Go win fortune and a name before you dare to look up to such as she!"

"That is my desire, and I will do it, sir," I answered.

"So, you apothecary's drudge, you will win name and place, will you! Well, long before that deed is done the maid shall be safely wedded to one who has them and who is not unknown to you. Daughter, say now that you have finished with him."

"I cannot say that, father," she replied, plucking at her robe. "If it is not your will that I should marry Thomas here, my duty is plain, and I may not wed him. But I am my own, and no duty can make me marry where I will not. While Thomas lives I am sworn to him and to no other man."

"At the least you have courage, hussy," said her father. "But listen now. Either you will marry where and when I wish or tramp it for your bread. Ungrateful girl, did I breed you to flaunt me to my face? Now for you, pillbox! I will teach you to come kissing honest men's daughters without their leave," and with a curse he rushed at me, stick aloft, to thrash me.

Then for the second time that day my quick blood boiled in me, and snatching up the Spaniard's sword that lay upon the grass beside me I held it at the point, for the game was changed, and I who had fought with cudgel against sword must now fight with sword against cudgel. And had it not been that Lily, with a quick cry of fear, struck my arm from beneath, causing the point of the sword to pass over his shoulder, I believe truly that I should then and there have pierced her father through and ended my days early with a noose about my neck.

"Are you mad?" she cried, "and do you think to win me by slaying my father? Throw down that sword, Thomas."

"As for winning you, it seems that there is small chance of it," I answered hotly, "but I tell you this—not for the sake of all the maids upon the earth will I stand to be beaten with a stick like a scullion."

"And there I do not blame you, lad," said her father, more kindly. "I see that you also have courage, which may serve you in good stead, and it was unworthy of me to call you 'pillbox' in my anger. Still, as I have said, the girl is not for you, so begone and forget her as best you may, and if you value your life never let me find you two kissing again. And know that tomorrow I will have a word with your father on this matter."

"I will go, since I must go," I answered, "but, sir, I still hope to live to call your daughter wife. Lily, farewell till these storms are overpast."

"Farewell, Thomas," she said, weeping. "Forget me not, and I will never forget my oath to you."

Then, taking Lily by the arm, her father led her away.

I also went away—sad, but not altogether ill pleased, for now I knew that if I had won the father's anger I had also won the daughter's unalterable love, and love lasts longer than wrath, and here or hereafter will win its way at length. When I had gone a little distance, I remembered the Spaniard, who had been clean forgotten by me in all this love and war, and I turned to seek him and drag him to the stocks, which I should have done with joy and been glad to find some one on whom to wreak my wrongs. But when I came to the spot where I had left him I found that fate had befriended him by the hand of a fool, for there was no Spaniard, but only the village idiot, Billy Minns by name, who stood staring first at the tree to which the foreigner had been made fast and then at a piece of silver in his hand.

"Where is the man who was tied here, Billy?" I asked.

"I know not, Master Thomas," he answered in his Norfolk talk, which I will not set down. "Half way to wheresoever he was going, I should say, measured by the pace at which he left when once I had set him upon his horse. Lawks, but he was glad to be gone! How he did gallop!"

"Now, you are a bigger fool even than I thought you, Billy Minns," I said in anger. "That man would have murdered me. I overcame him and made him fast, and you have let him go."

"He would have murdered you, master, and you made him fast! Well, he's gone, and this alone is left of him." And he spun the piece into the air.

Now, seeing that there was reason in Billy's talk, for the fault was mine, I turned away without more words, not straight homeward, for I wished to think alone awhile on all that had come about between me and Lily and her father, but down the way which runs across the lane to the crest of the Vineyard hills. Those hills are clothed with underwood, in which large oaks grow to within some 300 yards of this house where I write, and this underwood is pierced by paths that my mother laid out, for she loved to walk here. One of these paths runs along the bottom of the hill by the edge of the pleasant river Waveney and the other a hundred feet or more above and near the crest of the slope, or, to speak more plainly, there is but one path, shaped like the letter O, placed longitudinally, the curved ends of the letter marking how the path turns upon the hillside.

Now, I struck the path at the end that is farthest from this house and followed that half of it which runs down by the river bank, having the water on one side of it and the brushwood upon the other. Along this lower path I wandered, my eyes fixed upon the ground, thinking deeply as I went, now of the joy of Lily's love and now of the sorrow of our parting and of her father's wrath, and my eyes fell upon footprints in the wet sand of the path. One of them was my mother's. I could have sworn to it among a thousand, for no other woman in these parts had so delicate a foot. Close to it, as though following after, was another that at first I thought must also have been made by a woman—it was so narrow. But presently I saw that this could scarcely be, because of its length, and, moreover, that the boot which left it was like none that I knew, being cut very high at the instep and very pointed at the toe.

Then of a sudden it came upon me that the Spanish stranger wore such boots, for I had noted them while I talked with him, and that his feet were following those of my mother, for they had trodden on her track, and in some places his alone had stamped their impress on the sand, blotting out her footprints.

Here they were mixed one with another, as though the two had stood close together, moving now this way and now that in struggle. I looked up the path, but there were none. Then I cast round about like a beagle, first along the riverside, then up the bank. Here they were again, and made by feet that flew and feet that followed. Up the bank they went 50 yards and more, now lost where the turf was sound, now seen in sand or loam, till they led to the hole of a big oak and were once more mixed together, for here the pursuer had come up with the pursued.

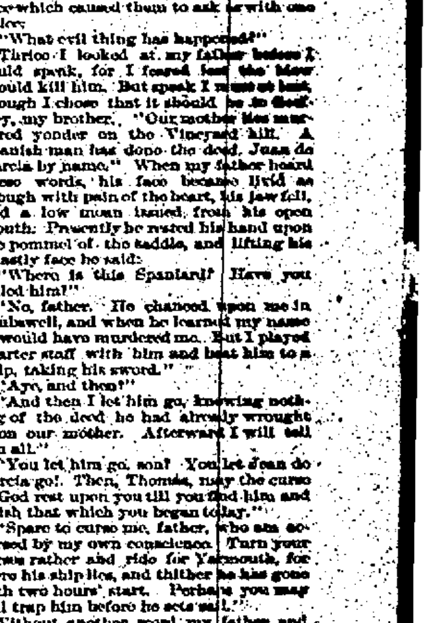
Despairingly as one who dreams, for now I guessed all and grew mad with fear, I looked this way and that till at length I found more footsteps—those of the Spaniard. These were deep marked, as of a man who carried some heavy burden. I followed them. First they went down the hill toward the river, then turned aside to a spot where the brushwood was thick. In the deepest of the clump the boughs, now bursting into leaf, were bent downward as though to hide something beneath. I wrenched them aside, and there, gleaming whitely in the gathering twilight, was the dead face of my mother!

CHAPTER IV.

THOMAS SWEARS AN OATH.

For awhile I stood amazed with horror, staring down at the dead face of my beloved mother. Then I stooped to lift her and saw that she had been stabbed, and through the breast—stabbed with the sword which I carried in my hand.

Now I understood. This was the work of that Spanish stranger whom I had met as he hurried from the place of murder, who, because of the wickedness of his heart or for some secret reason, had striven to slay me also when he learned that I was my mother's son. And I had held this devil in my power, and that I might meet my May I had suffered him to escape my vengeance, whereas had I known the truth, I would have dealt with him as the priests of Anahuac deal with the victims of their gods. I understood and shed tears of pity, rage and shame. Then I turned and fled homeward like one mad.



For awhile I stood amazed with horror.

At the doorway I met my father and my brother Geoffrey riding up from Bungay market, and there was that written on my face which caused them to ask as with one voice:

"What evil thing has happened?"

Thrice I looked at my father before I could speak, for I feared lest the blow should kill him. But speak I must at last, though I chose that it should be to Geoffrey, my brother. "Our mother lies murdered yonder on the Vineyard hill. A Spanish man has done the deed, Juan de Garcia by name." When my father heard these words, his face became livid as though with pain of the heart, his jaw fell, and a low moan issued from his open mouth. Presently he rested his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and lifting his ghastly face he said:

"Where is this Spaniard? Have you killed him?"

"No, father. He chanced upon me in Grubswell, and when he learned my name he would have murdered me. But I played quarter staff with him and beat him to a pulp, taking his sword."

"Aye, and then?"

"And then I let him go, knowing nothing of the deed he had already wrought upon our mother. Afterward I will tell you all."

"You let him go, son? You let Juan de Garcia go! Then, Thomas, may the curse of God rest upon you till you find him and finish that which you began today."

"Spare to curse me, father, who am accursed by my own conscience. Turn your horses rather and ride for Yarmouth, for there his ship lies, and thither he has gone with two hours' start. Perhaps you may still trap him before he sets sail."

Without another word my father and brother wheeled their horses round and departed at full gallop into the gloom of the gathering night.

They rode so fiercely that, their horses being good, they came to the gates of Yarmouth in little more than 1½ hours, and that is fast riding. But the bird was flown. They tracked him to the quay and found that he had shipped awhile before in a boat which was in waiting for him and passed to his vessel, which lay in the roads at anchor, but with the most of her canvas set. Instantly she sailed and now was lost in the night. Then my father caused notice to be given that he would pay a reward of 200 pieces in gold to any ship that would capture the Spaniard, and two started on the quest, but they did not find her that before morning was far on her way across the sea.

At length the morning came, and with it my father and brother, who returned from Yarmouth on hired horses, for their own were spent. In the afternoon also news followed them that the ships which had put to sea on the track of the Spaniard had been driven back by bad weather, having seen nothing of him.

Continued on Fourth Page.

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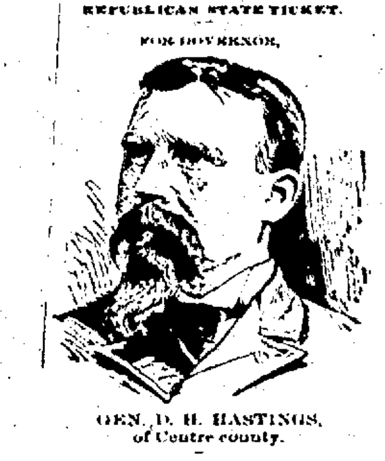
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., July 6, 1894.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,



GEN. D. H. HASTINGS,
of Centre county.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
HON. WALTER LYON,
of Pittsburg.

FOR SEC'Y OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
GEN. JAMES LATTA,
of Philadelphia.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
HON. AMOS H. MYLIN,
of Lancaster county.

FOR CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
HON. GALUSHA A. GROW,
of Susquehanna county.
HON. GEORGE F. HUFF,
of Westmoreland county.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
HON. CHARLES W. STONE,
of Warren county.

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
HERMAN H. NORTH,
of Bradford,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
of Kane.

FOR CORONER,
E. R. SHERMAN,
of Bradford.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty Township.

THE tariff bill passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 34. Now for a tussle in the house.

GOV. HOGG, of Texas, has three daughters named Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg and Vera Hogg.

DEMOCRATIC Congressmen and Senators will begin to feel the effect of the income tax when they get home near election time.

JUDGE BUCHER, of Lewisburg, saw the hand writing on the wall, and refused to become a sacrifice. He declined the nomination for Congress man-at-Large.

CAN you pick out any act of Congress under a Democratic *majority* that has been of any benefit to the country at large, during any period of our nation's history?

"IN the cost of money, the destruction of property, the ruin of trade, the misery, the starvation of men accustomed to work *for the comforts of life*, this bill is two-fold worse than four years of war." Senator Hoar's speech.

IN making all lumber free the Senate strikes at an American industry employing nearly $500,000,000 capital and paying more than $125,000,000 in wages annually. Lumbermen, remember these figures when you deposit your next ballot.

WHEN the strikers, the other day, kept three hundred women and children all day cooped up in the cars without food or water and would not let them go when they begged for relief, they placed themselves in the class of brutes. Such high handed brutality, should not be tolerated in the land. It is fiendish.

WHEN the Lexow investigation was going on, Croker had important business in Europe. As soon as the committee declared its intention of taking a vacation, Mr. Croker suddenly makes up his mind to come home to New York again. Strange how quickly he recovered his health.

TOO bad! The Democratic convention, at Harrisburg last week, failed to endorse Hoke Smith and *his kind treatment* of the Union veterans, "Hist, Sam." There is something wrong when the unterrified fail to eulogize so faithful a worker in the Democratic party as Hoke Smith. The chairman of the convention should certainly send a letter of apology to the loving friend of the old soldier for *this oversight*.

THE fire that has been smouldering *at Coudersport for some time between* the *Enterprise* and *Democrat* has again started up and will burn with renewed vigor. It must be very interesting reading matter for the subscribers of those papers to have the dirty linen of Butterworth and Seibert waved in their faces each week; but the managers seem to enjoy it, so the readers will have to stand it. When certain parties fall out, the audience generally get at the truth of the matter.

ANOTHER case of economy. Congress has failed to make any appropriation to purchase oil for the statue of liberty enlightening the world in New York harbor. Unless some charitable person comes forward and donates the necessary funds, old mother goddess will have to stand in the dark. This reminds us of the Democratic Congress in 1877, when the postoffice and custom house in New York city had neither lights or fuel, owing to the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriations in order to economize.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2.—No party, for many years, has contained so many disgusted statesmen as does the Democratic party in Washington to-day. If the tariff bill gets through and becomes a law it will be a bill without a friend. Talk about your "man without a country," this will be a "bill without a friend." There is *not a single man who votes for it or* supports it who does not admit privately that it is entirely unsatisfactory to him. Probably no tariff law ever went into effect as thoroughly unpopular, both with members of the party which passed it and members of the opposing party, as will be the case with the present bill if it ever gets upon the statute books.

Democratic pledges in regard to this bill have been like all the other pledges of the party—made to be broken. Not a single one of the pledges of this party made at the Chicago convention has been carried out, except the one which promises to destroy all features of United States laws intended for the protection and purity of the ballot. That pledge has been promptly carried out, but aside from that the Democratic party stands here in Washington, two years after the pledge made in Chicago, sixteen months after the inauguration of its President and nearly eleven months *after its Congress met*, with all other promises unfulfilled, so far as the action of its own party is concerned. To be sure, the Sherman law has been *repealed*, but not by the Democratic party. And now that it has spent nearly eleven months struggling over the tariff question it finds that it has created a bill unsatisfactory to every member of the party, and held in contempt by every Republican. A trading, tricky, disreputable measure, which not only abandons every principle laid down in the Democratic platform, but is malodorous with the taint of the sugar trust and jobbery of all sorts—that is the sort of a bill that the members of the party in Congress find themselves required to vote upon in these last days of the fiscal year, and almost last days of a year's consideration of that subject.

Even the closing days of the year's long struggle in the Senate have been pregnant with trades and concessions and rumors of "deals" which are necessary to obtain votes of Democrats to pass this alleged Democratic measure. It stands upon the threshold of the Senate, discredited by every Democratic member, and will make its bow in the House amid general disapproval and dissatisfaction, both among members of its own party and Republicans. Chairman Wilson has come from the mountains of West Virginia, where he has been husbanding his little strength, to take up the bill when it gets to the House and try to fix up some further compromises by which the House and Senate can agree upon it. He confesses that he has a hard task before him. With six or seven hundred amendments made by the Senate, the bill is almost unrecognizable, and its features, such as *free wool, free coal*, repeal of the sugar bounty, coupled with free sugar, have been so changed as to eliminate all those Democratic free trade features in which the Democratic House took so much pride.

What will the House do with it? is a question which everybody is asking, but which nobody is able to answer. The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee openly admit their dissatisfaction with it, as do Democratic members of the House generally. Yet it is well understood that if the House cuts out the leading protection features which the Senate *has* added it will make the final passage of the bill extremely improbable. So it seems likely that the House, after some discussion and savage complaints about the sugar tariff, the duty on coal and iron, and other important features of this character, will accept these and all the important changes made by the Senate. Democratic members of that body generally, even those who are not looked upon as particularly conservative, are now saying that it is better to accept the Senate amendments than to jeopardize the bill, and it looks now as though this would be done and that the bill would get on the statute books by the end of July.

There are still some who believe that the bill will finally be beaten, that the dissatisfaction with it in some quarters will lead to such complications and opposition that it will fail to obtain the necessary number of votes when the ballot is taken. This extreme view is not shared, however, by the more conservative students of legislation and legislative probabilities and the opinion of four out of five at least, in Washington, is that the bill will become a law.

Another fact which is causing the Democratic leaders a good deal of uneasiness is the fear that the passage of the tariff bill will not bring with it the improvement in the business condition of the country that is anticipated. The bonded warehouses at New York and other points of entry are understood to be crowded with goods from abroad awaiting to come in under the new tariff. The warehouses at foreign ports are also filled with foreign made goods ready to be shipped to the United States the moment the new act goes into effect. The result of this must be that manufacturers will find themselves unable to start their factories without making a marked reduction in the prices of their product, and as they all agree that they can only reduce prices by reducing wages, the inevitable result will be that workmen must accept greatly reduced wages in order to get work at all. This will not only cause great dissatisfaction, but the enormous importations of goods which are expected to follow the passage of the tariff bill must result in taking large quantities of money out of the country *to pay for those goods*. So it is feared, even by the friends of the measure, that the immediate result, at least, will be far from satisfactory to them and to the bill.

Very little attention is now given to any other subject than tariff, in Washington. The House has taken up and passed a bill to admit New Mexico as a State. Much interest is felt in the fate of this bill and its effect upon the political affairs of the country. While the Democrats fully believe that New Mexico, when she is admitted into the Union as a State, will be Democratic and send Democratic Senators and Representatives to Congress, there is some reason to doubt this. In the last election, when the Democratic majority was above the normal, New Mexico only gave about 500 majority for the Democratic candidate as delegate to Congress. The free wool schedule of the tariff bill has caused great dissatisfaction in New Mexico, which is one of the important wool producing sections of the country. This coupled with the general dissatisfaction with Democratic rule might turn the tide in New Mexico, so as to bring two Republican Senators and one Representative from the new State when it is admitted. Should this occur and two Republicans be added to the Republicans in the Senate the control of that body might pass, even in the next Congress, into the hands of the Republicans.

STRIKES.

Railroad men's strike against the Pullman Car Co. clearly shows how foolish are some of the strikers' way of doing business. Because the Pullman company will not pay their workmen more wages the railroad men have ordered a boycott against all railroads hauling the Pullman cars, and by that means causing a great deal of inconvenience to the traveling public. The Pullman company say they cannot afford to pay higher wages to their employes, and the railroad men order a strike on all roads hauling the Pullman cars. When the strikers are in the right the public are with them, but when *they assume* the position they have in the present strike public opinion cannot help but be against them. If times are such that the Pullman company cannot afford to pay higher wages, and so they frankly state, that at least ought to satisfy the strikers. But it does not. They arrogate unto themselves the power to say to *all* the people of the United States, you cannot ride in a sleeper or dining car unless we give you permission. This is carrying the matter too far, and Uncle Sam will very likely tell you to stop such proceedings. If your wages or work does not suit it is your privilege to quit, but it is not your privilege to inconvenience the whole country.

SLAP IN THE FACE.

Congress got a slap in the face from the Pennsylvania Democracy at the Harrisburg convention last week. The Democrats voiced their unfaltering faith in the Chicago platform of 1892. Consequently they have repudiated Congress and its actions during the present session. The platform of 1892 pledged the party to repeal the unconstitutional McKinley bill, and repeal the ten per cent. on State banks, neither of which have been accomplished. The faithful were unable to point with pride at the performance of Congress.

WHY are you a Democrat? Can you give a good reason for being one?

OUR SUGAR-CURED CONGRESS.

Babe Sellers, of Dog Fennel precinct, Fayette county, Ky., whose poetic sermon on "Mothers'" view of the Breckinridge campaign attracted such wide attention, has drifted into National politics, in the following terse but pointed lines:

Tune—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to our hearts is our Democratic Congress,
As hopeless inaction presents it to view,
The bill of poor Wilson, the deep tangled tariff,
And every lost pledge that their lobbies know.
The widespread depression, the mills that closed by it,
The rock of free silver where great Grover fell.
They've busted our country, no use to deny it,
And torn our old party, it's busted as well.
This is Cleveland's Congress,
This Queen Lill Congress,
This wild free trade Congress,
We all love so well.

Their moss covered pledges we no longer treasure
For often at noon when out hunting a job,
We find that instead of the corn they had promised,
They've given us nothing—not even a cob.
How ardent we've cussed 'em with lips overflowing
With sulphurous blessings, as great sweat words fell.
The emblems of hunger, free trade and free silver
Are sounding in sorrow the workingman's knell.
This bank breaking Congress,
This mill closing Congress,
This starvation Congress,
We all love so well.

How sweet from their eloquent lips to receive it,
"Cursed tariff protection no longer uphold."
We listened—and voted our dinner pails empty,
The factories silent, the furnaces cold.
And now far removed from our lost situations,
The tear of regret doth intrusively swell,
We yearn for Republican administration,
And sigh for the Congress that served us so well
This Fifty-third Congress,
This Democrat Congress,
This Sugar-Cured Congress,
We all love so well.

—*From Lexington, Ky., Leader.*

REPUBLICAN COUNTY COMMITTEE.

T. B. Clark, Bradford, Chairman.
Annin township—S. L. Holcomb.
Bradford—First ward, first precinct, P. M. Herwald; second precinct, H. H. Googe; second ward, first precinct, A. B. Booth, second precinct, Louis Marck; third ward, David Neal, fourth ward, Wm. Rowand, fifth ward, T. A. Flynn, sixth ward, W. S. Heaps.
Bradford township—First precinct, C. B. Lloyd; second precinct, G. Hatfield.
Ceres township—T. B. King.
Corydon township—First precinct, F. W. Smith; second precinct, E. S. Holmes.
Eldred borough—C. H. Kaufman.
Eldred township—S. H. Cook.
Foster township—First precinct, C. M. Skinner; second precinct, A. W. Boyd.
Hamlin township—First precinct, A. A. Foster; second precinct, E. Swanson.
Hamilton township—A. D. King.
Kane—First ward, W. J. Griffith; second ward, A. A. Gillette; third ward, Geo. W. Nelson.
Keating township—First precinct, I. S. Reynolds; second precinct, John Baker; Third precinct, E. Murphy.
Lafayette township—First precinct, George F. Beaumont; second precinct, J. C. Campbell, Jr.; Third precinct, G. W. Krouse.
Liberty township—C. S. Barrett.
Mt. Jewett—G. A. Northrup.
Norwich Township—A. C. McAllister, W. F. Andrews.
Otto township—First precinct, C. A. Duke; second precinct, R. R. Melpolder.
Port Allegany—C. W. Eaton.
Smethport—E. M. Kerns.
Sergeant—Albert Nelson.
Wetmore—First precinct, W. Wilkins; second precinct, J. H. Tew.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sailed the Seas 38 Years.

Capt. A. P. Loud is a prominent resident of Hampden, Me. For 38 years he sailed the seas and upon retiring from that calling, was appointed by the U. S. government to superintend its interests in the Alaska seal fisheries, a position he held five years. In speaking of his experience, he says: "For several years I was greatly troubled with nervousness, and a pain in the region of my heart. It was almost impossible for me to get rest and sleep. Physicians from New York to San Francisco did me no good, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure speedily and completely cured me. I owe my present and excellent health to them.

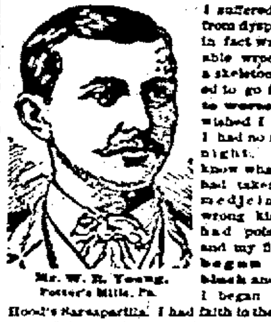
Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or *female*. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

High grade and medium bicycles for sale. I can suit you in most any price and style. There is no use to go on foot when you can get a wheel as cheap as I can sell you one. Call and inspect my wheels. JOHN M. REILLY.

Every bottle of Arnica & Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.

J. G. Williams receives weekly a fresh line of Wagner's Straw-Berry brand of Hams. Try them.



Hood's Saved My Life

I Can Honestly Say This

"For years I was in a very serious condition with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and bladder. I suffered intensely from dyspepsia, and in fact was a miserable wreck, merely a skeleton. I seemed to go from bad to worse. I really wished I was dead. I had no rest day or night. I did not know what to do. I had taken so much medicine of the wrong kind that it had poisoned me, and my finger nails began to turn black and come off. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had faith in the medicine, and it did more for me than all prescriptions. I have gradually regained perfect health, am entirely free from catarrh of the bowels, and pain in my back. My recovery is simply marvelous." W. R. YOUNG, Potter's Mills, Pa.

Mr. W. R. Young, Potter's Mills, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills relieve distress after eating.

$6.50 to the Thousand Islands and Return.

The W. N. Y. & P. R. R. announce a popular low-rate excursion to the Thousand Islands, the loveliest river resort in the world, to leave Smethport at 9:18 a. m., Tuesday, July 10th. Fare $6.50 for the round trip, tickets good ten days returning.

These excursions have become very popular during the past few seasons, being both cheap and delightful.

For full information, apply to W. N. Y. & P. local agents or write S. B. Newton, excursion agent, No. 84 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y., who will accompany the party.

We are in receipt of a handsome little book, entitled "Niagara in '94," which has been published by the Passenger Department of the W. N. Y. & P. R. R. for free distribution among the patrons of the Niagara Falls excursions run by that company this season.

These books can be had on application to the company's local agents, or by addressing Mr. S. B. Newton, excursion agent, No. 84 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speak, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Frank B. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's Drug Store.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa.

A carload of windows, doors and screen doors received this week, sold at bargain prices, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Survival of the fittest. Downs' Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache, 25c. a box.

INSURANCE of all kinds written by W. F. Specht.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FA. has issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises on Monday, July 23, 1894, at 9 a. m., the following described property.

All of the defendant's interest in and title to all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the borough of Eldred, beginning at a point in the centre of King street, at the southeast corner of lot owned and occupied by Mrs. H. Krohn, thence northerly by lands of Mrs. H. Krohn twenty rods to lands of R. Dennis, thence easterly by lands of R. Dennis four rods to lands of R. Dennis, thence southerly by lands of R. Dennis twenty rods to centre of said King street, thence westerly by the centre of King street four rods to place of beginning, containing one-half (½) acre. Improved and has thereon one two-story frame house with attached one board barn and usual outbuildings, one good orchard and a well of water. Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Walter Scott and Mrs. H. J. Scott at the suit of H. L. White.

A. R. WALKER, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., July 3, 1894.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FA. has issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale on the premises on July 23, 1894, at 4 p. m., the following described property.

All of the defendant's interest in and title to all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in Otto township, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and being part of warrants Nos. [illegible] and 3796, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of the Oak Shade Oil Company's lands at stake and stones, thence north eighty-six and one-fourth degrees west along Fox's and Slike north line twenty one and eleven twenty-fifths (21 11-25) rods to stake and stones; thence north three and three-fourths degrees east along the N. F. Saunders lot one hundred and eighty-six and fourteen twenty-fifths rods to a stake and stones in the south line of land owned by G. N. Foreman; thence south eighty six and one-fourth degrees east along Foreman's southerly line three and nineteenths rods to stake and stones; thence along Foreman's southerly line north seventy-five degrees east eleven and three fifths rods to stake and stones in lot of Sidney Smith, thence south three and one-fourth degrees west along the Smith's west line fifty-eight rods to stake and stones, thence south seventy-five degrees east four and nine twenty-fifths rods to stake and stones in the northwest corner of the Oak Shade Oil Company's west line, one hundred and thirty-three and seven-twenty-fifths rods to place of beginning. Containing twenty-two and one-half acres be the same more or less, as surveyed by W. H. Norton and known as the thirty acre piece. Together with all the said defendant's interest in three (3) oil wells drilled thereon and all said defendant's interest in the two engines and boilers at two of said wells and the engine at the other of said wells, and of the tubing, casing, rods, connections, rigs, tanks, tools, implements and fixtures in upon at or about the same, and also all the defendant's interest in the well upon said premises known as the Bing well with the rig, tank, rods, pipe connections, casing, tubing, tools and fixtures at and about the same, which last well pays one-eighth royalty or rent, and also all the defendant's interest in and to the royalty or rent due to the land interest from all wells now or hereafter to be drilled on said premises by lessees. Also all the defendant's interest in and to one well drilled since the above, together with the rig, tank, boiler, engine, rods, pipe connections, casing, tubing, tools, fixtures at and about the same. Also all the defendant's interest in and to the royalty or rent due to the land interest in two wells drilled since the above mentioned royalty wells. Improved and having thereon one one-story board house, with all attached, and usual outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of A. A. Ahlen at the suit of Jacob Stealey, use of John Lammers, now for use of Wm. Ferguson.

A. R. WALKER, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., July 3, 1894.

ARMSTRONG'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

DRUG and BOOK STORE.

A Full Line of Drugs and Standard Patent Medicines.

A specialty of Perfumery, fine Stationery, Scrap Books, Card Albums, Celluloid Toilet Sets, Pocket Books, Writing Desks, Views, Dressing Cases, Family Bibles, Standard Authors, Christmas Cards, Excelsior Diaries.

All Kinds of Fancy Goods.

B. H. & Co.

CASH AND ONE PRICE.

Buffalo, Wednesday, July 4, 1894

Commencing this week the store will close at noon Saturdays during July and August.

FINE SHOES at Dry Goods Prices!

Our shoe policy has been not altogether how cheap, but how good. Prices are extremely low, but qualities and styles the very newest. You can afford to come all the way to Buffalo for your shoes. There isn't a store in all the towns round about that can afford to retail for as little as we.

We buy for cash, sell for cash and don't have to make a living off shoes alone. These prices illustrate our meaning:

—Ladies' tan Oxford ties, hand-turned, all sizes, usually sold at $2.50—our price	$1.50
—Ladies' fine Russia calf Oxford ties in full range of sizes, usual $3.00 value, sold here at	$2.00
—Children's tan shoes in all styles and sizes, worth half as much again as we ask, special at $1.35 and	$1.50
—Misses' lace and button tan shoes, choice styles and fine workmanship, usually sold at $3.00—our price	$2.00
—Ladies' tan "Juliettes," with rubber soles, in great demand, usual price $4.00—our price	$2.50
—Ladies' tan goat bicycle shoes, fine finish and excellent materials, sold elsewhere at $4.00—our price	$3.00
—Men's hand-sewed tan shoes, all sizes and styles, seldom sold for less than $4.00—our price	$3.00
—Ladies' fine Russia leather lace shoes, hand sewed, sold elsewhere at $5 and $6—very special	$4.00
—Mens fine Russia leather shoes, hand-sewed, on sale everywhere at $5 and $6—special here at	$4.00

Tan shoes are being worn almost altogether during the summer months. They are sensible, comfortable, neat and stylish, without being extravagant. We have a complete assortment of all sizes and styles for men, women and children.

The combination of Shoes and Dry Goods works to your advantage. You can save money here on every pair you buy. There never has been any question on that score! There never will be!

Barnes, Hengerer & Co.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of Smethport School District for the year ending June 4th, 1894.

E. R. Mayo, Treas., in account with funds.

	Dr.	
To amt last audit from Ex-Treas. Gallup	$7,140 03	
To amt last audit from Ex-Treas. Bedford	10	
To amt from sale of bonds	10,000 00	
" " State appropriation	1,298 87	
" " of Col. J. C. Gallup	3,267 06	
" " rec'd of Prof. Twilley for damaged books	4 51	
To amt rec'd of Prof. Twilley tuitions	35 63	$21,862 22
	Cr.	
By paid orders acct building and furniture	13,271 98	
By paid orders acct Smead Hills contract	829 00	
By pd orders acct Architect	[illegible]	
" " " " furniture ac	1,353 87	
" " " " repairing ac	265 88	
" " " " text books	711 36	
" " " " other supplies than text books	119 45	
By paid orders acct teachers' wages	1,740 00	
By paid orders acct fuel and contingencies	714 26	
By paid orders acct Secy's salary	6 00	
By paid orders acct Bond No. 1 and interest	775 00	
By balance on hand	1,551 12	$21,862 22

J. C. Gallup, Col., in acct with school funds.

	Dr.	
To amt of duplicate	$3,355 93	
" " additional assessment	17 24	
" 5 per cent added to $605 59	30 22	
" Balance	15	$3,401 00
	Cr.	
By paid to Treas E R Mayo	3,267 06	
" exonerations on duplicate	60 96	
" er'r in footings on "	29 06	
" 5 per cent abatement allowed tax payers on $2,131 15	106 56	
By 2 per cent. commission on $2,023 82	40 48	
By 5 per cent. commission on $1,350 30	67 52	$3,401 00
RESOURCES.		
Due from Treas E R Mayo		$1,551 32
LIABILITIES.		
Amt found due Col. J. C. Gallup on settlement		15
Amt due on unsettled bills, building contract, etc		896 43
Amt borrowed and unpaid, Bonded debt of District	10,525 00	$11,425 58
Total Liabilities in excess of Resources		$9,874 26

JOHN FORREST,
G. H. BROWNELL,
C. R. SPRAGUE,
Auditors.

June 27, 1894.—27-4t

RIDE A

Columbia Bicycle

To be thoroughly well mounted is one of the first principles of cycling. Do not deny yourself the extra comfort and luxury derivable from a first-class wheel, when you can obtain a Columbia for $125.

The purchase of any wheel short of the best is bad judgment and worse economy. Unprejudiced truth acknowledges Columbia superiority. It is absolutely the standard bicycle of the world; unequalled, unapproached. You can have the Columbia catalogue by asking for it.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
SMETHPORT, PA. AGENT.

LOOK HERE!

CHARLES LEMMLER

(AT THE OLD STAND)

CARRIES A FINE STOCK OF

Harnesses, Trunks - - - and Traveling Bags,

EQUAL TO ANY IN THE MARKET.

WHIPS IN EVERY STYLE.

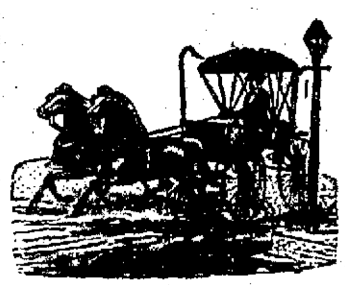
ALSO LAP DUSTERS.

The Celebrated Stock Food and Hoof Dressing.

EVERYTHING OF THE FINEST WORKMANSHIP AND LATEST STYLES.

GIVE ME A CALL,

And if I can't suit you, you can not be suited anywhere.



Wagon & Carriage FACTORY.

Having leased the factory formerly operated by C. C. Warren, at Coudersport, Pa., I am now making all the needed improvements and enlarging the facilities for doing an extensive business.

I am now manufacturing

Buggies,
Road Carts,
Platform,
Lumber
and Road

WAGONS.

I make a specialty of three and four inch tired Wagons, using only the best materials

Only the best workmen employed, and all work will be under my personal supervision,

THOS. R. CRAFT,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

June 18, 1894.

UNDERTAKING — AND — EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

J. N. ADAM & Co.

Bicycles nowadays are fashionable; riding them is a source of pleasure and of health. Every young man wants one, and if he hasn't one it is because of the cost. They have been sold for $125 and $150, the High Grade Wheels, and it isn't worth while to own any other. We were the first so far as we know in the United States to sell a Bicycle for $50.00 that was really worth $125. We sold a lot, 87 in all, which cost the manufacturer, not the middle man or the dealer, but the maker, $82.50 each. We did it, because we had the spot cash to pay the assignee of a maker who had made wheels too well to make it pay.

Another chance has enabled us to offer another lot of ***High Grade Up do Date Wheels***

At $50.00 Each for Spot Cash.

These wheels, the riders who have seen them say, are better than the other lot though, as an enthusiastic buyer of one of the others said the other day who had used the wheel two weeks, "there are none better made."

For the reason that these wheels are being sold by bicycle dealers everywhere at full price, and because there is an agency in almost every town, the manufacturer (not yet bankrupt), who is still making and selling the wheel, requires that we withhold the name. You have our word that the wheel is all right. It won 200 prizes in 1893. It took a gold medal at the Chicago Fair. It is ridden by thousands of riders. We propose this:

We will send it by express to $50 C. O. D., with privilege of examination, to any express point within 100 miles of Buffalo, if you will send $2.00 to guarantee express return charges. If you keep it we will return the $2.00 and prepay the express charges on the wheel. If you return it we will deduct expressage from the $2.00 and send you the balance. That is, the wheel will cost you but $50.00, delivered, if you keep it.

J. N. Adam & Co.,
383-389 Main Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

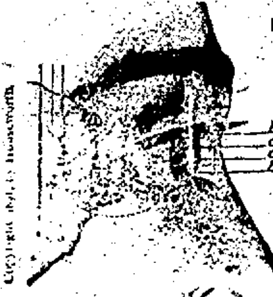
We won't always sell men's clothes at the extremely low prices we put on 'em now. Cost of making is bound to go up. But the phenomenally low cost of woolens has given us the chance of offering *high class clothing at absurdly small figures*.

We make the clothes we sell. They are fashioned and cut by men who aim to give all the tailor-made style possible. We make these clothes to compete with the best of tailor's work, and sell 'em at the lowest of ready-made prices.

Still selling Sweaters at 50 cents—give you a leather belt to go with 'em, all for 50 cents.

[illegible]

202-206 MAIN STREET.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



THURSDAY, JULY 19th.

FREE!

E. HOUSEWORTH,
Eye Specialist,
AT M. L. ARMSTRONG'S,
SMETHPORT, PA.

DURING THESE

HARD TIMES

I can offer you Early Times and White Satin Flour

for One Dollar and One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per sack. The Cheapest and Best Flour on the market. Gives the best satisfaction to the trade. The housewives all ask for the White Satin, as the name is attractive; but its greatest attraction is its quality. Before purchasing elsewhere, come and see my new stock, bought by the carload. I will not be undersold.

I also manufacture the best

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

at three cents per pound. All kinds of milling done to satisfaction. Come and see me.

C. E. BARRET.

Pianos and Organs.

Should you want a Chickering, Knabe, Haines Brothers, Ivers & Pond or any first-class

PIANO,

or should you want an Estey & Co., Storey & Clark, Raymond or Kimball Organ, don't hesitate to write to

A. BLAKE,
130 Union Street, Olean, N. Y.
Newest Styles, Lowest Prices, Easiest Terms. Only Standard Makes.

E. L. SMITH, Gen'l Agt.

9-3m

Watches & Clocks

promptly repaired in a workmanlike manner.

All work guaranteed or money refunded.

Located in the cigar store of Emil Thamm, on Main street, Smethport,

W. H. Grumbine.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wolesale and Retail

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked.

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

☞ CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF ☜

Nearly opposite Catholic church Main st

J. F. ROONEY.

INSURANCE!

Place your insurance with C. A. Burdick, who represents reliable companies of all kinds,

Fire, Life and Accidental

Also, sells the best and most durable Sewing Machines in the world,

The Domestic and
The Wheeler & Wilson

Sold for cash or on installments. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere, at the

REILLY BLOCK
v30-n20-1y Smethport, Pa.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

JEWELER,

AND DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Silverware,
Spectacles,
Toys,
Eye-glasses.

And all goods pertaining to a First-class Jewelry store.

Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and inspect our new stock.

T. H. PURTLE

General Blacksmithing,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORK

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Having bought out the carriage and wagon making business of John Servatius, I am now prepared to do all work in the above lines.

Carriage Painting A Specialty.

DRESSMAKING.

I will resume dressmaking at my rooms over store, on Main street. Making Boy's Clothing a specialty.

MRS. C. C. WILLIAMS.
Smethport, Pa., March 26, 1894.—6m

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—IN—

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!

Having purchased the stock of the Furniture and Carpet Co., I will continue the business at the old stand, offering rare bargains

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS
IN ALL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

Furniture.

Chamber Suits from $10.50 to $90. Rockers from $1 to $2. *Handsome* Couches from $6.75 to $35.
Complete line of Parlor Suits, and a general line of Furniture at rare prices.

Carpets and Oil Cloths.

Good Ingrain Carpet at 25c a yard. All-wool Ingrain Carpet at 50c yd. Mattings from 18c yd up. Oil Cloth from 25c yd up. Linoleum 50c yd up.

Wall Paper.

A complete line of new patterns. Good Browns at 8c. Good White Backs from 10c to 15c. Higher Grades from 18c to $1.00. Skilled workmen will be furnished to do paper hanging when so desired at reasonable prices.

Baby Carriages.

The largest assortment in town. Prices range from $7.00 to $25.00.

Window Shades.

Beautiful fringed Shades at 25c. Good grades of Shades at 40c and 50c. Best grades of Shades at 60c and $1.00.
Also a fine line of Draperies, that are to be closed out at bargain prices.

I am in a position to supply all your needs in Furniture, Carpets, Wall Paper, &c., and you will find a complete line of all goods in my line.

I will pay the freight on all out-of-town deals.

SMETHPORT, PA. J. M. REILLY.

SPRING IN BRADFORD!

What we recommend has been time-tested. You can depend upon it. For eighteen years we have studied the market to get the best for the least. We buy enough to get things down. We sell as we buy, below everybody.

RUBBER PAINT.

A ready-mixed paint with plenty of India rubber in it. A paint that 3 times outlasts common paint, and always looks new, smooth, glossy.

No weather affects it. We have tested it for 15 years. $1.50 per gal.

SWEET'S BABY CABS.

For 8 years these Cabs have controlled the trade of this section.

Mothers have tried them and talked about them till now most mothers use no other. Novelty springs, a new patent brake and handsome designs for them all.

125 Styles.

VOGT'S REFRIGERATORS.

Remarkably cheap, yet you or we can't tell why. They touch perfection in circulation, ventilation and economy. They are wonderfully easy to clean. Yet cost like the commonest ice boxes that some makers make

SOME NEW THINGS.

Pure aluminum is now being used for cooking utensils by everyone who sees it. Premier Egg Cups form a new way of cooking eggs. A new practical washing machine. New Bissell carpet sweepers, made in Vermillion wood.

CHAMBER SETS,
CHINA,
GLASSWARE,
SILVERWARE,
KITCHEN WARE,

HARDWARE,
MILL SUPPLIES,
STEAM FITTINGS,
OIL WELL SUPPLIES,
TOOLS, ALL KINDS.

Nowhere so plentiful—Nowhere so cheap,

—AS AT—

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
EMERY & WEAVER.
43-45 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

BOOKS, NOVELS.

If you want a Novel for 10c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.

If you want a Novel for 15c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.

If you want a Novel for 25c. go to McCoy's Drug Store.

If you want a Bible, Prayer Book Dictionary and all, Etc., go to

McCOY'S DRUG STORE,

ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

J. G. WILLIAMS,

FRESH & SMOKED MEATS,

POULTRY and OYSTERS,

Groceries & Provisions,

Canned Goods, &c

The public are invited to make a careful inspection of my stock and prices.

J. G. WILLIAMS,

Main St., above Grand Central, SMETHPORT, PA

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrears; otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the postoffice or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly, let us know. We want every man's paper every week, and will chase up the mails when not received.

Remember that for $1.75 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press one year.

Smethport, Pa., July 6, 1894.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

July is predicted.

Did you get a MINER fan?

Well, the MINER was in it.

has attracted attention.

The potato race was very interesting.

statement blanks for sale at this office.

Races at Coudersport July 10, 11 and 12.

Everyone waved a MINER fan on the fourth.

Last year's straw hats are worn this season.

The Grand Central rockers have some attachments.

Al Payne's get up in the fantastic parade was out of sight.

There will be an immense crop of hay in this section this year.

Farmers are rushing the hoeing in order to be ready for haying.

Our thanks are due Major Isaac B. Brown for public documents.

We do not believe in boasting, but the MINER was in the parade.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kidder an eight pound girl.

Financial statement of Smethport in another column.

Subscribe for our campaign edition, until after election.

A hose turned on would be scrappers effective in cooling their ardor.

design for head quarters was A head and four quarters.

Another stay has been granted to the Prendergast. He was to have been hung on July 2.

Ed. Hungerford has a certificate of He will be pleased to show

The joy of the boys and girls, the merry go round, was set up at Port Allegany last Monday.

It took one man, two sticks and three to get the two dollars from the top of the greased pole.

Tom Purtle's industrial exhibit was out of sight—to him, at least, when he got "stuffed" in the eye.

Charles Dickinson, like an old war horse, got right into the thickest of the and did good work.

The Potter Enterprise adopted the colors to celebrate the nation's Get there, Eli.

Bert Black is busy putting down very good crossings which is a much needed improvement.

There was no lack of bunting displayed by our citizens. Hotels and a great many dwellings were decorated.

The girl with one beau to her string stands a better chance of not being an old maid than the girl with a dozen.

Tell your neighbors what a good time we had at Smethport on the fourth and invite them to come next year.

We were short on force and long on the 4th of July, consequently our paper this week is not up to its usual form.

The Coudersport base ball club played the Roulette club last Saturday. Score 21 to 12 in favor of Coudersport.

Ben Lindsley has dentistry connected with the newspaper business. Well, variety of avocations is the spice of business.

The McKean MINER came out in red, white and blue last week. couldn't wait for the 4th.—*Telegraph.*

The Bradford *Record* last Friday said "John Breneman, the Smethport was watching the horse races yesterday."

A boy, eight years of age, named George Anderson, was drowned near the at Port Allegany, on Thursday of last week.

The Annual Rally of the B. Y. P. U. of the Allegheny River Association will convene at the Baptist Church here next Tuesday and Wednesday.

If you wish nice yellow beeswax do not use any iron vessel in Use tin, brass or copper, will make it dark.

Thirty-one years ago last Tuesday the battle of Gettysburg was fought. This battle virtually broke the backbone of the rebellion.

Leet, of East Smethport, had the finger and part of his taken off from his left hand at mill last Saturday.

The Smethport MINER came out last week in the nation's colors. The MINER there with the best of them.—*Potter Enterprise.* Thank you.

Several of our exchanges do not this week, owing to the various of the ever glorious in the towns, and a desire for rest.

Hall erected a 33 foot flagstaff Freeman on the Sanitarium, on a silk flag 10 by 16 for the doctor's patriotism.

We are informed that Attorney H. S. formerly the junior editor of this made a patriotic speech at Mt. on the evening of Independence Day.

We wouldn't trust a man near a hen house who would order a newspaper stopped through a postmaster when he is in arrears. It is a cowardly way of refusing to pay an honest debt.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Frank Richmond, on the night of the fourth had the misfortune to break one of the bones in her ankle. Her many friends will very much regret to hear of her unfortunate accident.

An order was issued by the postoffice authorities at Washington, to the mailing clerks on the different railroads to receive properly stamped mail matter and forward it to the proper destination.

Harry Knapp placed on our table last Saturday a bunch of five roses and two beautiful buds, all growing from one stem. The roses were of different colors and very beautiful. Come again. We have a and water.

—Queer things occur sometimes. Miss Vandelia Varnum has spent a week in Coudersport delivering temperance lectures every night, and they have no license in Potter county either. She must have lectured against the intemperate use of morphine and opium.

—Our hose company are willing and eager to work when occasion demands, but a little more training would do no harm. One man to give orders is all that is neccessary.

—The postmaster's salary at Port Allegany has been reduced to $1,200, a decrease of $100, while that of Postmaster Walsh's has been increased to $1,500, an increase of $100.

—The glass works at Olean closed down last week for two months. Saturday 35 of the employees chartered a sleeper and went to Philadelphia. They certainly were a happy crowd.

—We were informed that there was a Pullman car strike on the extract works switch last Saturday, but Mr. Brown with his usual skill and good management obviated any serious trouble.

—A Coudersport woman who is in favor of female suffrage points with pride to the fact that the eagle on the silver dollar is a female bird.—*Enterprise.* Whew, very discerning.

—Farmers be sure to cut your grass before the daisies get ripe. If cut green and properly cured the daisies make very good feed, but, if allowed to get too ripe, neither cattle or horses will eat them.

—Bro. Godding drew the admiring gaze of our fair maidens on the fourth as he pranced around on his spirited charger. We are inclined to think that he sits a horse more gracefully even than the bicycle.

—Stowe & Co. will give one grand night performance under canvas on Gorton's lot, Monday, July 9. The company comprises 30 artists, a troupe of Alabama jubilee singers and a band of congo dancers.

—If the borough council allow bicycles on the sidewalks after dark they should compel the riders to use lamps. People are in great danger of being run over after dark under the shade trees, unless the wheels have lamps on them.

—Don't fail to speak in praise of your own town wherever you may chance to be. Don't make money out of its citizens and spend it elsewhere. Don't frown upon every public improvement simply because it is likely to cost you a few cents.

—On the fourth there was quite a gathering on the piazza of the J. C. Hamlin building when suddenly there was a creak of the timbers. Most of the occupants very quickly found out they had important business inside of the building.

—At the election last week in Kane, for and against giving the borough council authority to issue bonds, the vote was light and resulted as follows, for the issue, 174, against the issue 75, giving a majority of 99 in favor of the issue of bonds.

—Dr. J. C. Brown and Miss Bertha Gaver were married in Buffalo last Wednesday a week, returning home Saturday last. The MINER extends hearty congratulations to the happy couple, and hopes their lines may be always cast in pleasant places.

—The *Republican* suggests that only men speaking the English language should be given work on the improvements to be made in Kane. Bro. Rogers is all right. All of our late strike troubles have come from the ignorant foreign element.

—The I. O. O. F. Northern Tier Association meet at Coudersport, and the lodge at that place are making extensive preparations to entertain their many guests who expect to be present. W. Gaylord Thomas, of Scranton, will be one of the speakers.

—An exchange propounds the following question: If Bob Ingersol insists that there is no hell, will he please state what becomes of a man who takes a paper three or four years without paying for it, and then tells the postmaster to inform the publisher that he don't want it?

—The lease of life of Uncle Tom's Cabin is phenomenal. It is a play that has been butchered and guyed numerously, and yet survives, because it tells a story of interest and stirs up humanity. It can be truly said of Stowe & Co. that every performer in his or her line is an artist, and the scenic and mechanical effects are truly wonderful.

—Arthur, son of conductor Nichols who lives at Olean, was playing with a large dog last Friday afternoon when the dog made a sudden lunge and grabbed the boy by the face breaking the skin under one eye and penetrating the skin on the under side of the under side of the boy's jaw. A truly narrow escape for the bright little fellow.

—An exchange thinks that the ringing of church bells should be done away with. It says: "People can go to church services and prayer meetings on time as easily as they can go to a show, theatre, concert or circus. In these days of a multitude of watches and clocks an ear piercing clanging bell is no more necessary than a fifth wheel to a wagon." Them's our sentiments exactly.

—Last Satuday while a party of workmen were driving piles in the trestel at Larrabee they accidently drove one into the pipe line that crosses the river at that place causing a bad leak which flooded the river with oil. The afternoon train from Smethport was flaged about 2 miles from Larrabee and run back to Coryville and the engine switched by the train. The train was then shoved down across the bridge when the engine from the Buffalo train backed up and hauled the train to the depot. Several of the passengers, for fear of being left, walked about 2 miles in the broiling sun.

—A new money order will be on sale at the postoffices on and after July 1 by which large and small sums can be transmitted by letter with safety and at rates much less than the present. Orders for $2.50 or less can be had for three cents, and orders for larger amounts up to $100 at rates graded up to 30 cents. The schedule of fees for the new money orders has been reduced to the basis now charged by the various express companies for transmitting money and will be as follows: For $2.50 or less, 3 cents; $2.50 to $5, 5 cents; $5 to $10, 8 cents; $10 to $20, 10 cents; $20 to $30, 12 cents; $30 to $40, 15 cents; $40 to $50, 18 cents; $60 to $75, 25; $75 to $100, 30 cents.

—The races at Bradford were a decided success. It is a pleasure to attend races where everything is square and above board. The judges are deserving of the highest compliments for the determination shown by them to have the best horse win. Horse owners and jockeys were afraid to attempt any under handed games after three drivers had been taken out of their sulkies for trying to throw a race. Let the best horse win was the motto of the judges. Thursday was the banner day of the week, the grand stand and grounds being well occupied. We wish to say in commendation of the management that everything possible was done for the comfort of the spectators. In the two days we attended not a disorderly person was seen on the ground. Gentlemen, you are deserving of success.

—Watch for the big Uncle Tom parade Monday noon, July 9, when a pack of bloodhounds, with Max, the $1,000 beauty man hunter, Eva and her pet pony, and Prof. Ferd Clymer's challenge solo band.

—Lemonade, says the doctors, is best when made of boiling water, covered up closely, and allowed to cool. In this way it has more flavor and goodness and is better suited to an invalid, and one lemon will go as far as two.

—To save your letters from going to the dead letter office get your name and address plainly printed in the upper left hand corner. Then if you make a mistake in addressing your letter it will be returned to you and not go to the dead letter office. We will furnish you fine envelopes with your name and address neatly printed on them cheaper than you can buy them at the stores

—An exchange says: A large sponge hung in the room at night or in the day time, if it can be behind a convenient screen and kept constantly wet, will greatly assist in keeping a room cool, or a wet cloth hung in a window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen; all know how fresh water sprinkled on the pavement in front of all the windows and doors will freshen the hot, dry air.

GOING AND COMING.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Miss Mate Sartwell visited in Olean Saturday.

T. F. Richmond had business in Bradford Tuesday.

George Sprague returned home from Salamanca Saturday.

E. H. Saph, of Rew City, was a caller at the MINER office Tuesday.

Attorney McEwen, of Kane, had business at the county seat to-day.

J. W. Bouton returned from Pittsburg on the 7 a. m. train Wednesday.

J. J. Bowers, of East Smethport, called Wednesday at the MINER office.

Miss Orrie King went to Bradford Tuesday to enjoy the glorious fourth.

P. H. Freel, of *Big Shanty*, was in Smethport on the day England don't celebrate.

Miss Grace McCoy returned home from her school in Buffalo for the summer vacation.

Ed Bennett and his sister, Mrs. Hogarth, came over from Coudersport on Thursday.

S. W. Smith and his brother, W. E. Smith, drove over from Port Allegany on Thursday.

Miss Jessie Canfield, of Eldred, passed through town on Tuesday to attend the Clarion school.

Hon. H. H. North, J. M. McClure and R. B. Stone and ladies were in Smethport last Friday.

O. H. Goodsell bade good by to his many friends in town and departed for Olean on Thursday.

Fred D. Gallup returned home Saturday from Yale college. He graduated with the class of '94.

Deputy Sheriff Davis has been mourning the absence of his esteemed better half for several days.

Messrs. W. H. Snyder and L. A. Nash, of Renovo, passed through town on their wheels Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Coleville, enjoyed the sight on the Fourth and made the MINER office a pleasant call.

Miss Bessie Shook, who has been attending the Fredonia Normal School, is home for the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin returned home Saturday night. Mrs. Hamlin is suffering considerable with her eyes.

Ex-County Commissioner James Higgins, of Ceres, was shaking hands with his many friends here last Saturday.

Miss Clara Hungerford and Miss Maggie McCarty started for Dunkirk Monday afternoon for a six weeks visit.

Mr. C. C. Mason, of Washington, D. C. who has a large circle of relatives and friends here, is spending several days in town.

C. A. Burdick and W. F. Specht went to Bradford Tuesday to attend the underwriter Association meeting of McKean county.

W. D. Moore, Olean, R. A. Weaver and daughter, A. D. Burns and wife, Miss Smawley, J. R. Lock, Bradford, and E. Biddle, of Kane, were guests of the Grand Central to-day.

Wm F. Ormsby, in company with his niece Miss Maude Irons, on Tuesday left for Susquehanna, Pa., where Miss Irons will make an extended visit with her aunt Mrs. Lydia Doolittle.

H. E. Williams, editor of the *Comet*, of Glen Campbell, Penna., a former employee of this office, made us a pleasant call on Monday. He is visiting friends at Colegrove.

The genial Hugh Brawley attended the races at Bradford last week and by the greetings he received from his many warm friends we feel assured he had a most enjoyable time. May he live long and always be happy. He spent Sunday in Smethport.

A. J. Quimby, formerly editor of the Johnsonburg *Breeze*, was in town Friday and Saturday of last week. He has purchased a new bicycle and gone into the wilds of Potter county to get acquainted with the mechanism of the tarnal thing. Jud. has the grit, and will come out on top every time.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug stores. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Strayed or Stolen

A brown horse, with two white hind feet and "O. A." brand on left shoulder, weight between nine and ten hundred. A suitable reward will be paid for the recovery or information that will lead to recovery of the horse. Address,
25-3t BEN WOOD, Coleville, Pa.

Assignee Sale.

The goods in the store of Frank R. Foster will be sold at assignee sale at greatly reduced prices, consisting of drugs, patent medicines, fancy articles, books, stationery, etc. Come at once and receive the benefit of first choice of goods.
J. W. BOUTON, Assignee.

To Those About to Build.

All persons about to build should call on or write to H. A. Button, architect and builder, Coudersport, Pa. Plans and specifications made on short notice. The best of references given.

I have received my new spring stock of carpets in the latest designs and patterns. Prices to suit the times. Most beautiful baby carriages in the market.
JOHN M. REILLY.

SMETHPORT'S 4TH!

More Attractions, More Fun, Greater Enjoyment Than the Town Ever Experienced.

A GRAND CELEBRATION.

Who says We Cannot have a Fourth of July Celebration?—Smethport Strictly in It. —Next Year You will all Come.

The ever glorious fourth has come and gone, and everybody, including his relatives, have had an enjoyable time. The morning of the fourth opened up beautifully. If weather had been manufactured especially for the occasion we could not have been better suited. The small boy, as usual, was at it about two days ahead of time and kept increasing his patriotism as the time grew apace. Until the closing scenes of the day the fire-cracker held full sway, and the old and young of Smethport will remember the fourth of 1894 as the greatest they ever attended.

At an early hour the people began to gather, and by half-past nine there was a good-sized multitude in town. Marshal Holder and aides appeared on the streets to make preparation for the industrial parade to take place at ten o'clock. Orders were given participants in the parade to form on Water street, near the hose house, and for about three-quarters of an hour that part of Water street witnessed a scene of industry seldom excelled anywhere.

The Crosby band formed at the head of the procession. Then came the veterans of the G. A. R., followed by the speaker's carriage, containing Mayor Hopkins and the orator of the day, Hon. J. M. McClure, and the borough council in carriages. The managers kindly allowed the MINER'S display of the "art preservative" to head the procession, followed by D. C. Young's fine display of a general store. Prentiss Marble Works came next with some beautiful designs in marble. Next in line we observed came that hustling firm of Holmes & Gilfillan, with a fine display of windows, doors, lath, shingles, lumber, everything in their line on exhibition before the people. Mr. Rumsey was next with one of his omnibuses well filled with some of the lovely ladies of Smethport, all seeming to be enjoying the occasion to the utmost. These were followed by Mayor Hopkins' display from over in Brooklyn. Then came Tom Purtle's blacksmith shop on wheels, a fully equipped shop traveling around the country looking for work. An excellent display by the Cullen dray wagon came next. The Olean Music display attracted attention by having music aboard, consisting of organ, violin and guitar. Another 'bus load of passengers followed. Then came a rag peddler, "Billy" Green. Then good displays by Miller, the tailor, and Barrett, the miller, (things are getting a little mixed here.) Lilgendahl's blacksmith shop deserves special mention, as does also the display of Lindholm & Co., for the young firm showed they have the go ahead that means success. Rooney's display of wild Texas cattle that he captured up near Crosby were quite an attraction, and John, himself, in cowboy regalia, on a wild mustang charger, was the glory of the little boys and girls. The Racket store had a good display. Joe Williams on Tuesday sneaked up into the woods near Ormsby and lassoed a wild ox, which he had succeeded in taming sufficiently to place in the procession, a very unique display. Burlingame & Colegrove, with their coffee-mill and human sandwiches, attracted attention. J. M. Reilly failed to reach the point of rendezvous at the proper time, but joined them later on at A. B. Armstrong's corner. The industrial parade was a grand success and speaks well for Smethport. Many compliments were expressed in its favor.

After the industrial parade the crowd repaired to the court house, where the band rendered some very fine selections. Judge Morrison, president of the day, opened proceedings in a short speech on the issues of the day in a befitting manner. Then the orator of the day, J. M. McClure, was introduced, who for about 30 minutes highly entertained his audience; but mid-day and the wants of the inner man reduced the audience somewhat.

After dinner there were several bicycle and foot races that kept the crowd in a merry mood till the cry was raised, to the base ball grounds. Arrived there, a wheelbarrow race was first on the program; then came a potato race that was highly appreciated by all who witnessed it. The game between the Shamrocks, of Bradford, and the Smethports was a hotly contested affair to the end, resulting in a victory for Smethport by a score of 15 to 12. The large audience departed well pleased with the game. Our boys can play ball when they get to work.

After supper and a little rest the fun commenced again by a fantastic parade by Coxey's army, which was well rendered and showed the artistic skill and make-up of some of our citizens. Chas. Chadwick, as Coxey had a Don Quixote style about him that was very attractive and he had several Sancho Panza's, as esquires, mounted on mules, that were certainly drawing cards. W. A. Young, as Uncle Sam, drew the attention of all observers by his commanding appearance and stately bearing. The whole parade was a success and drew rounds of applause from the interested spectators, who all unite in pronouncing it one of the grandest fantastic parades they ever witnessed.

The bicycle parade with Chinese lanterns was an attractive feature of the day's entertainment. Coming singly down Main street, 45 wheels in line, was a beautiful sight indeed; returning up Main street in a serpentine course was one of the loveliest sights we ever beheld. Seventeen ladies participated in the parade. It was immense.

During the bicycle parade Main street from the Wright House to the Court House was suddenly lighted by fireworks of all kinds, and standing on Main street near St. Luke's church and looking down the street, a grander sight was never witnessed; the street filled with people, the whole space lighted up by different colored lights reflected on the trees and buildings.

Afterwards Henry Hallman and J. H. Blever gave a very fine exhibition of fireworks, but it was a little dangerous. About 10 o'clock two balloons were sent up from the Grand Central. The first one did fairly well, but the second was fine. Both started toward Port Allegany and the last one was visible above the horizon for at least 15 minutes.

The little sprinkle of rain had a dampening effect on the platform dance and drove the dancers to the opera house, where there was an immense crowd. They danced in sets of about four feet square, but all were well pleased. The little rain was a serious drawback to the lemonade stands, as it drove the crowd to the lower end of town.

All who participated in the fourth of July celebration at Smethport can truly say we had a grand time at the anniversary of the nation's birth. A large crowd, good-natured, well-behaved and orderly, all bent on making it pleasant and agreeable for their associates. Truly we are proud of the occasion. We heard several travelling men say they never witnessed a celebration that exceeded the efforts put forth at Smethport. The committee of arrangements are deserving of the highest compliments for their efforts and the MINER extends congratulations to them for the energy and perseverance they displayed in giving us such a royal entertainment.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

The marriage of Miss Carrie, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Clayson, and J. Alfred Klein, Monday eve at 8 o'clock in the Congregational church, by the Rev. R. E. L. Graham of the Presbyterian church was the most brilliant affair that ever occurred in Kane. There were several hundred invited guests, which included the elite of Kane, and a number from out of town. Miss Amanda Davis and the sister of the bride, Miss Maude Clayson were bridesmaids; John T. Campbell, best man; little Margie Clayson flower girl; Chas. E. Goodwin, master of ceremonies; C. C. Davis, Wm H. Davis, Geo. W. Snyder, J. E. Fluke, C. R. Gillis and Chas McCoy, ushers; F. A. Satelle presided at the organ. After the ceremony a large number of the guests were taken in carriages to the home of the parents where a reception was held. A few minutes before 12 o'clock the bride and groom repaired to their well furnished residence, 121 Biddle street.

Mrs. I. O. Mosier made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by shooting herself with a revolver early Sunday morning. Her husband cannot give any cause for the rash act unless a fit of melancholy from a long illness caused it. Hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Mrs. C. D. Coleman returned Sunday from Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where her daughter, Miss Pearl, spent several weeks. The slight indisposition of Mr. Coleman hurried them home.

Mrs. Ed. O'Rourke received a slight burn on her face Monday while lighting a fire in the cook stove the old way—turned on the gas and then threw in a lighted paper.

Miss Lila Rupert, the accomplished sister-in-law of Dr. Evan O'N, Kane, is spending several weeks with her father, Lewis Rupert, at Leiper, Clarion county.

The bursting of a two inch gas line Monday at the glass works made things lively for a few minutes. No damage except a big fright.

Ex-sheriff W. W. Hoffman, of Allegheny City, and Supt. Adsit, of Bradford, were at the Thompson House on Monday.

Ed. Roach came up from Pittsburg Saturday and registered at the Hotel La Mont.

KANESHOLM.

Mike Gillpin, of the 2nd Bucktails, staid with Comrade Wilkins on Wednesday night last. He was one of the "Army Potomac cotter cooders" that enjoyed the picnic with Hooker, Meade and Grant. He served his adopted country three years; is proud of it, and don't get a pension either.

The teacher engaged to teach the Larson school resigned because she did not get the one she wanted. Miss Myra Ryan was promptly engaged. Miss Ryan has taught two terms in this township and one in Cameron county and her efficiency cannot be questioned.

Kanesholm, not to be out done by Kane, celebrated the Fourth with a picnic and fire works in Vantine's woods. Mrs. C. S. Vantine furnished the coffee and ice cream. Most of the young folks went to Kane.

We have one solitary Populist here, but he cannot make any impression on the solid Republicans. All the company he has is pictures of the candidates of his party.

Squire Wilkins has a peice of winter wheat that is admired by everyone that sees it. It demonstrates that winter wheat can be successfully raised in this county.

Emil Fulman and Miss Emma Johnson were married on the Fourth. May their journey through life be pleasant.

Some of the rig builders on the A. P. C. lease have been laid off for a few days.

Mrs. H. C. Tolloff and sister, Mrs. Hamilton, went to Kane Saturday evening.

Thos Shanley went to Mayville, N. Y., to spend the 4th with his family.

Pete Smith is going to Pittsburg to visit his family for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Kert McCool visited Kane Thursday of last week.

John P. Nelson an two young sons drove to Kane Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins had visitors from Kinzua.

Dan Fine went to Bradford to spend the Fourth.

Mrs. C. S. Vantine visited Kane on Friday last.

MT. ALTON.

Messrs. Greenewald and Wyman, of Bradford, together with the insurence agent, have carefully looked over the ruins of the chemical factory, and it is reported work will be commenced on the new factory July 9th. W. L. Robinson has the contract of building it.

The sidewalks have been repaired from the M. E. church through Main street to the residence of M. Ryan, Sr. This is a step in the right direction and we hope the good work may continue still farther.

Mrs. Hilton and daughters, Misses Bessie, Margaret and Mary, son, Robert, and Miss Anna Fleming all returned from Alfred, N. Y., last Tuesday.

Mark Hardie, who has been very ill the past two weeks, is thought to be slightly improved at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walters, of St. Marys, Ohio, spent a short time last week with Katerville friends.

A large portion of our population found time to see the races at Bradford last week.

Joseph Wagoner has accepted a position with the St. Marys & Shawmut R. R. Co.

Mrs. Galvin, of Kane, visited relatives in this place last week.

The Cross gardens and green houses in Bradford are for rent. These gardens are in excellent shape for raising vegetables for city market. The green houses are as near perfection as can be.
n16-tf H. F. BUNDY.

A big cut on *genuine* Washington red cedar shingles at Holmes and Gilfillan's. Selling now at $3.25 per thousand, the cheapest ever sold. Price in Buffalo $6.00.

Mrs. A. Sturdveint is serving ice cream as usual at her residence, corner of King and Union streets. All orders will receive prompt attention. 24-5

I hereby offer my farm of 100 acres in Corydon township for sale, or exchange for city property in Bradford.
H. F. BUNDY.

I am still headquarters for all kinds of roofing. The Medal Brand Wire Edge takes the lead.
14-13t C. K. SARTWELL.

W. F. SPECHT issues all kinds of Insurance policies, call on him when in want of any insurance.

Guaranteed six inch clear butt shingles at Holmes & Gilfillan's, at $2.75 per thousand.

For Sale or to Rent.

A house in Smethport. For particulars apply to Dr. Burg Chadwick. 22 7t

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One minute cough cure banishes them. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Torpid livers, the cause of numerous other ailments, are made healthy and vigorous by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

A Fire at Smethport.

About eleven o'clock, on the night of July fourth, fire was discovered in the upper story of M. L. Armstrong's jewelry store, occupied by Dr. Chadwick as a dwelling. The fire was started by a rocket striking on the roof and passing through the shingles during the display in the earlier part of the evening. The firemen responded promptly and worked like beavers. They saved the building, but the roof and rafters are badly burned and will have to be replaced by new work. Most of Dr. Chadwick's household goods were ruined by falling plaster and water. Fortunately the Docter had some insurance on the goods. Mr. Armstrong's show cases were removed to the Backus store building, near by. But the water leaked down and ruined a large portion of his stock. We were informed by Mr. Armstrong that he would willingly give $1,000 to have everything replaced just as it was the *morning of the Fourth*. It was very fortunate that the fire was discovered. If it had gained a little more start three frame buildings and perhaps more would surely have been distroyed.

Bradford vs Smethport.

The third contest between the Bradford and Smethport clubs for the base ball supremacy took place at Hamlin Park on the afternoon of July 4th. The grand stand was soon filled to overflowing with pretty girls and their beaus. Large numbers were obliged to seek places of observation in more commodious spots. Never was such a crowd seen at the park.

At 3:30 Umpire Kerns yelled, "Play ball," and the game commenced. Space does not permit of a detailed account of this interesting game. From the first the home team seemed to have the game in hand, although at the end of the *second inning* the score stood 1 and 2 in favor of Bradford. After that our boys had the best of the game all the way through. The score was Smethport 15, Bradford 12; hits—Smethport 20, Bradford 9; errors—Smethport 10, Bradford 6; earned runs—Smethport 8, Bradford 3.

The ever popular Olean shoe dealer, "Bob" Bloodsworth, had offered a pair of exceptionally fine ball shoes to the member of the home team having the best batting record in this game. Will Fuller was the winner, making 3 hits with a total of 6 bases. Mullin, Tull and Burke each made 3 hits with a total of 4 bases.

List of Letters

remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 30, 1894:

Cozley, Rev.
Gibbs, Mrs. Jane
Howard, Geo. N.
Johnson, Ludwig
King, Thos.
Myres, Will J.
Riely, James.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

W. P. WALSH, Postmaster.

For torpid liver and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills. Book free, pills 25c. At drugstores; or write to B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

I AM READY TO GIVE FIRST-CLASS lessons on the **Piano** and **Organ**, **Voice Culture.** Terms for elementary piano lessons 50 cents; Intermediate piano lessons 75 cents; Voice Culture 50 cents; Pipe Organ $1. High class music studied, and care taken with the pupil. Sheet music can do obtained at a reasonable rate. Engagements can be made by applying to PROF. H. LOVER, P. O. Box 86, or at Mr. C. K. Sartwell's.

THE ART AMATEUR.
Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine.
(Only Art Periodical awarded a Medal at the World's Fair.) *Invaluable to all who wish to make their living by art or to make their homes beautiful*
FOR 10c. we will send to any one mentioning this publication a specimen copy with superb color plates (for copying or framing) and 8 supplementary pages of designs (regular price 35 cents). Or FOR 25c. we will send also "Painting for Beginners" (90 pages). 10c.
MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals for the building of branch sewer from North street down Fulton street to connect with trunk sewer on Water street, will be received by A. T. Palmer.

Plans, specifications, etc., can be seen at the store of P. D. Hopkins. Right reserved by borough council to reject any or all bids. Bids will close July 7th at 5 o'clock p. m.

P. D. HOPKINS, Burgess.
A. T. PALMER, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., June 26, 1894-2t

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Something New Every Week

We have secured the agency for the W. L. DOUGLAS

SHOES

and are now prepared to show you the latest styles in these good.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your Footwear by purchasing the Douglas Shoes. A guarantee goes with every pair of them. They cannot be beat. Call and see the new styles. This week we open another lot of Wash Good, New and Stylish Patterns. Our grocery department is full of good thing. 1 pound Vienna Baking Powder and a handsome picture for 50 cents.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.
220 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Albert Anderson
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
FINE BOOTS & SHOES.
I have just received a line of Gentlemen's Footwear that merits the inspection of the public.
Lumbermen's shoes a specialty.
ALBERT ANDERSON,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,
SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

BLACKSMITH SHOP,
THOS. McGRAW, Proprietor,
East Smethport, Pa.
Having opened business in the above place, I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of wagons, horseshoeing, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN MILLER,
THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR
CUTS OF LATEST STYLES
Free for the Inspection of Customers
Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.
ROOMS
EAST OF THE WRIGHT HOUSE,
ON MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

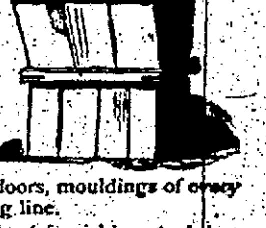
BUFFALO HORSE EXCHANGE
. . . AND . . .
CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.
32-42 Edward St., - BUFFALO.
Commission Dealers in High Class Cobs, Coach Pairs, Gentlemen's Road Horses and Saddle Horses. New and second-hand carriages, wagons, and harness of all descriptions.
Particular attention given to parties wishing to dispose of such.
We are agents for the celebrated Frazier road carts and pneumatic sulkies.
Regular Auction Sale every Saturday. All Grades of Horses and Carriages at Private Sale at all times. Family Broken Horses a Specialty.
C. F. RICHMAN, Prop'r. H. S. NEWELL, M'g'r.

Are you coming to Olean July 4th? If not, send us a mail order for a pair of Ladies Shoes. 200 pairs of Ladies Finest $4, $5 and $6 Shoes, A, B, and C. widths only, sizes 2 1-2 to 6 at $2. Cash Money.
Be sure and get one of our Silk Flag Souvenir Badges.
TOWER SHOE STORE OLEAN, N.Y.
BLOODSWORTH & CO.

GREAT - REDUCTION - IN - MILLINERY
On Monday, July 2nd.
We will place on sale at half-price all our LADIES TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS. We have an elegant Stock, and it will be a rare chance to get a first-class, stylish Hat or Bonnet at half it real value. This sale will continue until the goods are closed out. We have also on hand a lovely line of New Styles in DRESS GOODS which we are selling at as low figures as you would find them in the cities.
MRS. T. D. NASH.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.
(AT THE OLD STAND)
ARE NOW READY TO SHOW THE PUBLIC
A COMPLETE LINE OF
SPRING CLOTHING SPRING
CONSISTING OF
Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits
OF THE LATEST PATTERNS AND STYLES.
Prices are as LOW as they can be bought in the City, while the quality is GUARANTEED. Money refunded if not as represented.
Also carry in our MERCHANT TAILORING Department the most complete stock of Foreign and Domestic Goods.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED AT ALL TIMES!
SUITS MADE UP ON SHORT NOTICE!
We carry a FULL LINE of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Men's Shoes, &c.
AT THE OPERA HOUSE STORE
WE CARRY A FULL OF LINE
READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, &c.

MONEY!
MONEY!
MONEY!
SAVED AT THE
LUMBER YARD!
HOO-HOO.
By HOLMES & GILFILLAN, Smethport, Pa.



Washington Red Cedar
Pine and Hemlock--Very best
Flooring, lath, ceiling, siding, windows, doors, mouldings of every description; anything furnished in the building line.
CALL! and see their stock. 10 car loads of furnishing stock just received; more coming daily. Their stock will please you. Mail orders promptle shipped.

Give Us a Trial Order.
Our Prices are The Lowest.
B. & C.
The Reputation We Have Won
Must and Shall be Maintained.
BURLINGAME & COLEGROVE.
Satisfaction is Guaranteed.
Our Goods are Reliable.

Lake Erie Trotting Circuit
COUDERSPORT MEETING.
July 10, 11 and 12, '94
AT THE

Coudersport Driving Park.
Three Grand Races Each Day.
Rare Sport and GOOD MUSIC EACH DAY by
Coudersport's Celebrated Junior Band.
A Cordial Invitation is extended to all.
EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS
W. I. LEWIS, President. L. E. LARRABEE, Secretary.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!
RECEIVED DAILY AT THE STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG.
SUMMER GOODS!
In great Profusion.
THE FINEST LINE OF WHITE GOODS
Ever shown in this Place.
All The SPRING NOVELTIES in DRESS-GOODS,
And, in fact, everything ever kept in a GENERAL STORE
New line of SHIRT WAISTS from 50 cents up.
SMETHPORT, Pa., May 16, 1894.
D. C. YOUNG.

You Can Hold Up

Your washing as a good example for others if you use

OAK-LEAF SOAP.

It does the work easily, does it better, and does it quicker. It's all soap—no acids, no starch, no marble dust, nothing to injure—everything to help. Washes equally well in hard or soft water. Ask the grocer for it.

GOWANS & SONS, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

AND

The McKean County Miner,

ONE YEAR,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Address all Orders to the Miner.

Complexion Preserved

DR. HEBRA'S

VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver-Moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for 50cts. Send for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin purifying Soap, unequaled for the toilet, and without a rival for the nursery. Absolutely pure and delicately medicated. At druggists, Price 25 Cents.

G. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

STRICTLY

For FAMILY Use.

Dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house. It quickly relieves and cures all aches and pains, asthma, bronchitis, colds, coughs, catarrh, cuts, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera morbus, earache, headache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, bites, burns, bruises, strains, sprains, stings, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat, sore lungs, toothache, tonsilitis and wind colic. Originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its merit and excellence have satisfied everybody for nearly a century. All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power. It is safe, soothing, satisfying, so say sick sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External.

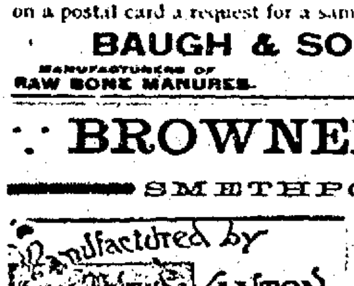
The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Ill'd Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price, 35 cts. Six bottles, $2.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.



Little to gather

after using poor manure. Poor manure can't raise good crops.

A ton of good manure costs no more than a ton of poor manure. **Baugh's** manure will make your farm pay, by raising paying crops.

If you want to know how to get out of a farm all it's worth, send on a postal card a request for a sample and full information.

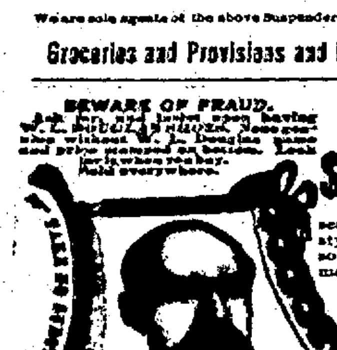
BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF RAW BONE MANURES.

20 S. Delaware Ave., Philada

BROWNELL BROS,

SMETHPORT, PA.,


Manufactured by
THE SWANTON SUSPENDER CO.
SWANTON VT.
KEEP YOUR PANTS ON with the ATWOOD SUSPENDER.

We are sole agents of the above Suspenders.

announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

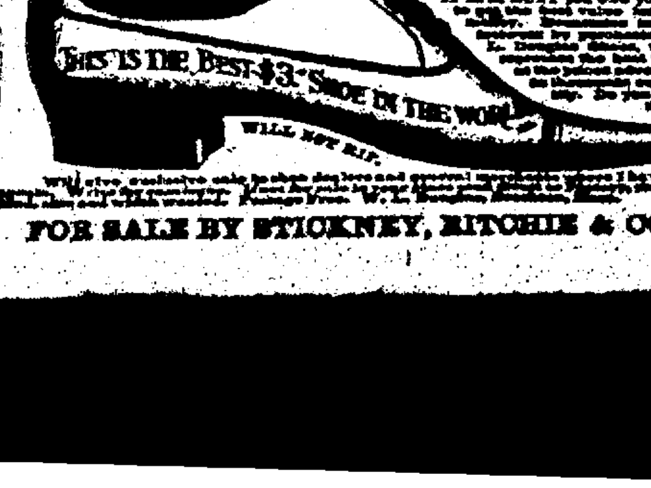
OUR EPICUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Good, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT can not be beat. Fine Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market


THIS IS THE BEST $3 SHOE IN THE WORLD
WILL NOT RIP.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:

$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed,
$2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, } FOR LADIES.
$1.75 for Misses.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER

[CONTINUED.]

Now I told all the story of my dealings with the murderer of my mother, keeping nothing back, and I must bear my father's bitter anger because, knowing that my mother was in dread of a Spaniard, I had suffered my reason to be led astray by my desire to win speech with my love. Nor did I meet with any comfort from my brother Geoffrey, who was fierce against me because he learned that I had not pleaded in vain with the maid whom he desired for himself. But he said nothing of this reason, also that no drop might be lacking in my cup, Squire Bozard, who came with many other neighbors to view the corpse and offer sympathy with my father in his loss, told him at the same time that he took it ill that I should woo his daughter against his wish, and that if I continued in this course it would strain their ancient friendship. Thus I was hit on every side, by sorrow for my mother whom I had loved tenderly, by longing for my dear whom I might not see, by self reproach because I had let the Spaniard go when I held him fast, and by the anger of my father and my brother. Indeed those days were so dark and bitter, for I was at the age when shame and sorrow sting their sharpest, that I wished that I were dead beside my mother. One comfort reached me indeed, a message from Lily, sent by a servant girl whom she trusted, giving me her dear love and bidding me to be of good cheer.

At length came the day of burial, and my mother, wrapped in fair white robes, was laid to rest in the chancel of the church at Ditchingham, where my father has long been set beside her, hard by the brass effigies that mark the burying place of Lily's forefather, his wife and many of their children. This funeral was the saddest of sights, for the bitterness of my father's grief broke from him in sobs, and my sister Mary swooned away in my arms. Indeed there were few dry eyes in all that church, for my mother, notwithstanding her foreign birth, was much loved because of her gentle ways and the goodness of her heart. But it came to an end, and the noble Spanish lady and English wife was left to her long sleep in the ancient church, where she shall rest on when her tragic story and her very name are forgotten among men. Indeed this is likely to be soon, for I am the last of the Wingfields alive in these parts, though my sister Mary has left descendants of another name, to whom my lands and fortune go except for certain gifts to the poor of Bungay and of Ditchingham.

When it was over, I went back home. My father was sitting in the front room well nigh beside himself with grief, and by him was my brother. Presently he began to assail me with bitter words because I had let the murderer go when God gave him into my hand.

"You forget, father," sneered Geoffrey. "Thomas woos a maid, and it was more to him to hold her in his arms than to keep his mother's murderer safely. But by this it seems he has killed two birds with one stone—he has suffered the Spanish devil to escape when he knew our mother feared the coming of a Spaniard, and he has made enmity between us and Squire Bozard, our good neighbor, who, strangely enough, does not favor his wooing."

"It is so," said my father. "Thomas, your mother's blood is on your hands."

I listened and could bear this goading injustice no longer.

"It is false," I said. "I say it even to my father. The man had killed my mother before I met him riding to seek his ship at Yarmouth and having lost his way. How then is her blood upon my hands? As for my wooing of Lily Bozard, that is my matter, brother, and not yours, though perhaps you wish that it was yours and not mine. Why, father, did you not tell me what you feared of this Spaniard? I heard some loose talk only and gave little thought to it, my mind being full of other things. And now I will say something. You called down God's curse upon me, father, till such time as I should find this murderer and finish what I had begun. So be it! Let God's curse rest upon me till I do find him. I am young, but I am quick and strong, and so soon as may be I start for Spain to hunt him there till I shall run him down or know him to be dead. If you will give me money to help me on my quest, so be it—if not, I go without. I swear before God and by my mother's spirit that I will neither rest nor stay till, with the very sword that slew her, I have avenged her blood upon her murderer or know him dead, and if I suffer myself to be led astray from the purpose of this oath by aught that is, then may a worse end than hers overtake me, may my soul be rejected in heaven, and my name be shameful forever upon the earth!"

Thus I swore in my rage and anguish, holding up my hand to heaven that I called upon to witness the oath.

My father looked at me keenly. "If that is your mind, son Thomas, you shall not lack for money. I would go, myself, for blood must be wiped out with blood, but I am too broken in my health, also I am known in Spain, and the holy office would claim me there. Go, and my blessing go with you. It is right that you should go, for it is through your folly that our enemy has escaped us."

"Yes, it is right that he should go," said Geoffrey.

"You say that because you wish to be rid of me, Geoffrey," I answered hotly, "and you would be rid of me because you desire to take my place at the side of a certain maid. Follow your nature and do as you will, but if you would outwit an absent man no good shall come to you of it."

"The girl is to him who can win her," he said.

"The girl's heart is won already, Geoffrey. You may buy her from her father, but you can never win her heart, and without a heart she will be but a poor prize."

"Peace! Now is no time for such talk of love and maids," said my father, "and listen. This is the tale of the Spanish murderer and your mother. I have said nothing of it heretofore, but now it must out. When I was a lad, it happened that I also went to Spain because my father willed it.

"I went to a monastery at Seville, but I had no liking for monks and their ways, and I broke out from the monastery. For a year or more I made my living as best I might, for I feared to return to England as a runaway. Still I made a living, and not a bad one, now in this way and now in that, but, though I am ashamed to say it, mostly by gaming, at which I had great luck. One night I met this man Juan de Garcia—for in his hate he gave you his true name when he would have stabbed you—at play. Even then he had an evil fame, though he was scarcely more than a lad, but he was handsome in person, set high in birth and of a pleasing manner. It chanced that he won of me at the dice, and being in a good humor he took me to visit at the house of his aunt, his uncle's widow, a lady of Seville. This aunt had one child, a daughter, and that daughter was your mother. Now, your mother, Luisa de Garcia, was affianced to her cousin, Juan de Garcia, not with her own will indeed, for the contract had been signed when she was only 8 years old. Still it was binding—more binding, indeed, than in this country, being a marriage in all except in fact. But those women who are thus bound for the most part bear no wife's love in their hearts, and so it was with your mother. Indeed she both hated and feared her cousin Juan, though I think that he loved her more than anything on earth, and by one pretext and another she contrived to bring him to an agreement that no marriage should be celebrated till she was full 20 years of age. But the colder she was to him the more was he inflamed with desire to win her and also her possessions, which were not small, for like all Spaniards he was passionate and like most gamesters and men of evil life much in want of money.

"Now, to be brief, from the first moment that your mother and I set eyes on each other we loved one another, and it was our one desire to meet as often as might be, and in this we had no great difficulty, for her mother also feared and hated Juan de Garcia, her nephew by marriage, and would have seen her daughter clear of him if possible. The end of it was that I told my love, and a plot was made between us that we should fly to England. But all this had not escaped the ears of Juan, who had spies in the household and was jealous and revengeful as only a Spaniard can be. First he tried to be rid of me by challenging me to a duel, but we were parted before we could draw swords. Then he hired bravos to murder me as I walked the streets at night, but I wore a chain shirt beneath my doublet, and their daggers broke upon it, and in place of being slain I slew one of them. Twice baffled, De Garcia was not defeated. Fight and murder had failed, but another and surer means remained. I know not how, but he had won some clew to the history of my life and of how I had broken out from the monastery. It was left to him, therefore, to denounce me to the holy office as a renegade and an infidel, and this he did one night. It was the night before the day when we should have taken ship. I was sitting with your mother and her mother in their house at Seville when six cowled men entered and seized me without a word. When I prayed to know their purpose, they gave no other answer than to hold a crucifix before my eyes. Then I knew why I was taken, and the women ceased clinging to me and fell back sobbing. Secretly and silently I was hurried away to the dungeons of the holy office, but of all that befell me there I will not stop to tell.

"Twice I was racked, once I was seared with hot irons, thrice I was flogged with wire whips, and all this while I was fed on food such as we should scarcely offer a dog here in England. At length, my offense of having escaped from a monastery and sundry blasphemies, so called, being proved against me, I was condemned to death by fire.

"Then at last, when after a long year of torment and of horror I had abandoned hope and resigned myself to die, help came. Upon the eve of the day upon which I was to be consumed by flame the chief of my tormentors entered the dungeon where I lay on straw, and embracing me bade me be of good cheer, for the church had taken pity on my youth and given me my freedom. At first I laughed wildly, for I thought that this was but another torment, and not till I was freed of my fetters, clothed in decent garments and set at midnight without the prison gates would I believe that so good a thing had befallen me through the hand of God. I stood, weak and wondering, outside the gates, not knowing where to fly, and as I stood a woman glided up to me wrapped in a dark cloak, who whispered 'Come.' That woman was your mother. She had learned of my fate from the boasting of De Garcia and set herself to save me. Thrice her plans failed, but at length, through the help of some cunning agent, gold won what was denied to justice and to mercy, and my life and liberty were bought with a very great sum.

"That same night we were married and fled for Cadiz, your mother and I, but not her mother, who was bedridden with a sickness. For my sake, your beloved mother abandoned her people, what remained to her of her fortune after paying the price of my life, and her country, so strong is the love of woman. All had been made ready, for at Cadiz lay an English ship—the Mary of Bristol—in which passage was taken for us. But the Mary was delayed in port by a contrary wind, which blew so strongly that, notwithstanding his desire to save us, her master dared not take the sea. Two days and a night we lay in the harbor, fearing all things, not without cause, and yet most happy in each other's love. Now, those who had charge of me in the dungeon had given out that I had escaped by the help of my master the devil, and I was searched for throughout the countryside. De Garcia also, finding that his cousin and affianced wife was missing, guessed that we two were not far apart. It was his cunning, sharpened by jealousy and hate, that dogged us down step by step till at length he found us.

"On the morning of the third day, the gale having abated, the anchor of the Mary was got home and she swung out into the tideway. As she came round and while the seamen were making ready to hoist the sails a boat carrying some 20 soldiers and followed by two other boats shot alongside and summoned the captain to heave to, that his ship might be boarded and searched under a warrant from the holy office. It chanced that I was on deck at the time, and suddenly, as I prepared to hide myself below, a man, in whom I knew De Garcia himself, stood up and called out that I was the escaped heretic whom they sought. Fearing lest his ship should be boarded and he himself thrown into prison with the rest of his crew, the captain would then have surrendered me. But I, desperate with fear, tore my clothes from my body and showed the cruel scars that marked it.

"'You are an Englishman,' I cried to the sailor, 'and will you deliver me to those foreign devils who ask of your blood? Look at their handiwork.' And I pointed to the half healed scars left by the red-hot pinchers. 'If you give me up, you send me back to more of this torment and to death by burning. Pity my wife if you will not pity me, or if you will pity neither, then lend me a sword that by death I may save myself from torture.'

"Then one of the seamen, a Southwold man who had known my father, called out, 'By God! I for one will stand by you, Thomas Wingfield! If they want you and your sweet lady, they must kill me first.' And seizing a bow from the rack he drew it out of its case and strung it, and setting an arrow on the string he pointed it at the Spaniards in the boat.

"Then the others broke into shouts of: 'If you want any man from among us, come aboard and take him, you torturing devils,' and the like.

"Seeing where the heart of his crew lay the captain found courage in his turn. He made no answer to the Spaniards, but bade half of the men hoist the sails with all speed and the rest make ready to keep off the soldiers should they seek to board us.

"By now the other two boats had come up and fastened onto us with their hooks. One man climbed into the chains and thence to the deck, and I knew him for a priest of the holy office, one of those who had stood by while I was tormented. Then I grew mad at the thought of all that I had suffered, while that devil watched, bidding them lay on for the love of God. Snatching the bow from the hand of the Southwold seaman, I drew the arrow to its head and loosed. It did not miss its mark, for like you, Thomas, I was skilled with the use of the bow, and he dived back into the sea with an English yard shaft in his heart.

"After that they tried to board us no more, though they shot at us with arrows, wounding one man. The captain called to us to lay down our bows and take cover behind the bulwarks, for by now the sails began to draw. Then De Garcia stood up in the boat and cursed me and my wife.

"'I will find you yet,' he screamed, with many Spanish oaths and foul words. 'If I wait for 20 years, I will be avenged upon you and all you love. Be assured of this, Luisa de Garcia, hide where you will, I shall find you, and when we meet you shall come with me for so long as I will keep you, or that will be the hour of your death.'

"Then we sailed away for England, and the boats fell astern.

"My sons, this is the story of my youth and how I came to wed your mother whom I have buried today. Juan de Garcia has kept his word."

"Yet it seems strange," said my brother, "that after all these years he should have murdered her thus whom you say he loved. Surely even the evilest of men had shrunk from such a deed."

"There is little that is strange about it," answered my father. "How can we know what words were spoken between them before he stabbed her? Doubtless he told some of them when he cried to Thomas that now they would see what truth there was in prophecies. What did De Garcia swear years since?—that she should come with him or he would kill her. Your mother was still beautiful, Geoffrey, and he may have given her her choice between flight and death. Seek to know no more, son"—and suddenly my father hid his face in his hands and broke into sobs that were dreadful to hear.

"Would that you had told us this tale before, father," I said so soon as I could speak. "Then there would have lived a devil less in the world today, and I should have been spared a long journey."

Little did I know how long that journey would be!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, corns and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank E. Foster, Druggist.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

A WORKINGMAN ASKS THE PRESIDENT TO REDEEM HIS PLEDGES.

He Has Cheapened Goods, Labor, Wages and the Presidency—He Secured Votes Under False Pretenses—Where the People Are Anxious to See Him.

One of the important things guaranteed under your contract (with the nation) was that you would make things cheaper. You have made some progress in that direction which honesty requires you should be given credit for. Articles of food, however, though much cheaper than under the lower tariff four years back, are not much changed in retail price from a year ago—a fact I throughly tested in my time of want—and such difference as does exist, storekeepers tell me, is temporary and due to the fact that the smaller quantity used by the working and other classes during the past year has left an unusual store of such products on hand, which farmers and owners have had to sell in order to get money or avoid loss.

But some things you have made decidedly cheaper. You have cheapened clothing, dry goods and nearly all kinds of manufactured articles, temporarily down to one-third the regular price and one-half the cost to make, through bankrupt stocks on all sides, with many rare bargains which I would gladly jump at if I only had my old job and money to buy with. With these you have also cheapened our labor until over 2,300,000 workingmen have been months unable to sell it at any price and 3,000,000 more, through reduced time or pay, for more than an average of three-quarters its former value. You have cheapened the country by prostrating its industries, decreasing the consumption of its products and a loss of over $15,000,000,000 of business in a single year.

You have cheapened the nation before the world by a miserable attempt to force a brass mounted queen over a friendly people. You have cheapened the presidency by its use to intimidate and corrupt the people's representatives in their official action and to secure their cooperation in an effort to degrade a large part and to cheapen the whole people. You have cheapened your party by showing through its leaders its hypocrisy, want of settled principles, incapacity to legislate for the country's welfare and its treachery to American and favoritism of foreign interests. You have cheapened your supporters by exhibiting their weakness, cowardice, servility and their readiness to sell their votes and the interests of their constituents for official favors, and, lastly, you have cheapened yourself by betrayal of public trust through misappropriation and use of a public office to repay money used to secure your election. In fact, you have been so generally successful in this particular that both you and your supporters will pass down through the ages as the Cheap Johns of American history.

For over six years you have repeatedly told us that if we should ever lose our jobs there is always plenty of good paying work to be had. This you said to secure our help, through our votes, in your intended destruction of the saltmakers, wool raisers, woolen manufacturers and other industries, and the turning adrift of their help. A large number of us who then believed you now desire to see you about that statement. We want you to make it good; to go to New York and find jobs for from 70,000 to 100,000 idle there; to go to Brooklyn and get work for 55,000 to 80,000 in that city; to Boston, with 39,000 there; to Buffalo, your old home, and provide places for the 15,000 unemployed, large numbers of whom helped to raise you from harmless obscurity.

Go to Philadelphia, with its 90,000; to Pittsburg, with 50,000 more; to Chicago, with yet 65,000 more; to Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, St Louis and San Francisco, with their 75,000; to the manufacturing districts of the eastern, middle and western states; to the mining regions of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, Idaho and California; the lumber sections of Michigan, Wisconsin and the northwest; the farming and wool raising territory of the central, western, northwestern, southwestern and Pacific states.

In fact, you are badly wanted in nearly every city, village and township in the eastern, northern, western, northwestern, southwestern, Pacific and some southern parts of the country to show what over 2,500,000 of us have been unable to find for ourselves—good paying jobs or any at all. And we want you right away too. We want to go to work at whistle time tomorrow morning. Not only come yourself, but lock up your wrecking congress and bring the other Cheap Johns along with you. We want to see them also. They made the same statement and led us to give you and them government jobs on the strength of it. We don't want bombazine charity work or more promised soapsuds, but good steady jobs, with hard cash at the back of them—in fact, our old places and wages.—From a Workingman's Letter to President Cleveland.

A Word on Exports.

A free trader is always telling us that under protection we are not able to sell our goods in foreign markets, but that if we have free trade we shall be able to sell in every market in the world. During the last 20 years England has been a free trade country while America has been protected. We can see how the exports of the two countries have increased from the following figures:

	England.	America.
1870-1880	36.5	124.0
1880-1890	5.5	[illegible]
Average increase	21.0	84.3

It thus appears that during these 20 years the average increase of exports has been only 21 per cent in free trade England while it was 84.3 per cent increase in America. This fact is calculated to upset another free trade theory.

Free Coal Would Be Worse.

One of the most unfortunate and regrettable recent events is the failure of the Cleveland (O.) conference to settle the soft coal strike.

The difference between the wages the miners want and the wages the operators want to pay is only 14 cents a ton.

Of course the demagogue free trade journals are seizing upon the declarations of President McBride of the Miners' union that the wages offered by the mine owners mean starvation for the miners as evidence that protection does not protect wages.

But how long could the soft coal miners hope to maintain a strike for 79 cents or 70 cents a ton if the 75 cents a ton duty against the soft coal of Canada was taken off?

The highest wages paid in Canadian soft coal mines is only 40 cents a ton. Let it in duty free, as the original Wilson bill was going to do, and no American soft coal miners will ever be heard of again striking for a wage rate of 79 cents a ton.—New York Recorder.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

BOGUS TARIFF REFORM.

"Reform" is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde,
The double faced figure of Janus repeating.
The mantle he formerly carried with pride
Is now used to cover up all kinds of cheating.

With copper and lead and stuff that is base
He made yellow coin that was "queer" and was funny,
And when the attorney of state called his case
He said it was only "reform of the money."

It had horns like a bull and a tail like a cat,
Claws, head, legs and trunk without any relation.
When the fellow that stuffed it was asked, "What is that?"
He declared it a worthy "reform of creation."

When our mills are closed up and our industries dead,
And our gold sent abroad to pay foreign advances,
He tells the strapped workman to hold up his head
It is only a needed "reform in finances."

When the toiler in idleness, hunger and want
Tries to borrow a dime from his hungrier neighbor,
The goods he once made he could buy "cheap for cash,"
And this is "reform for American labor."

Reform your protection and take off your tax,
Give the paupers of Europe your markets and wages,
Lay the burden of poverty on your own backs
Is the plan of the "tariff reform" and sages.
—Stephen E. Root, M. D.

In the Dentist's Chair.

It has always been claimed by the party of free trade that "unprotected" industries are in no way affected by the tariff. This is all wrong. What affects one industry affects others, and if a protective tariff causes prosperity directly to one class of the community it indirectly brings prosperity to others.

The American Protective Tariff league has sent blanks to 120 different dentists in the city of New York propounding the following query:

"Supposing 100 represents your collections for the month of January, 1893, what percentage of 100 more or less will represent your collections for the month of January, 1894?"

The answers received showed a wide range. In one case a dentist had only collected 25 per cent as much last January as he did in January, 1893. In another case the collections were 20 per cent larger than last year. But the average of all the replies shows collections of only 59 per cent. In other words, for every $100 collected by these dentists in January, 1893, they collected only $59 in January, 1894.

It appears that the Cleveland hard times have not affected the amount of work of the dentists in very many instances. But people call for less expensive work. Consequently the earnings of the dentist are less, besides his being unable to collect what he does earn. It is a point that dentists in every city in the country should remember that under a free trade administration collections of money earned fell off 41 per cent within a year. For every $100 they only got $59. Protection to other industries makes the dentist's business the more prosperous.

That Cleveland Badge.

The "Cleveland Badge" has, we are pleased to know, met with pronounced success. In fact, it has been the most successful free trade party measure or emblem since March 4, 1893. It has "caught on" with the people, who recognize its peculiar appropriateness. The Macomb Journal will long be remembered as the originator of the story, while the idea of adding a sketch thereto originated with The American Economist, where the original drawing is highly prized. Believing that this important "badge," the emblem that represents the free trade party of poverty, should be perpetuated, we submit a new design that we may expect to see worn upon the proud breasts of all free traders during the coming congressional campaigns throughout the country.

THE EMBLEM OF FREE TRADE.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL, as a medicine, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine of its kind only *promises*, this is *guaranteed*. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earliest stages, all are cured by it.

It purifies and enriches the blood, rouses every organ into healthful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength of pale, puny, Scrofulous children, or to invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Discovery."

You pay only for the *good* you get.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages all conditions, at all times. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

BEGIN the New Year aright and get your Insurance written by W. F. Specht.

BUGGIES at ½ Price. CARTS & HARNESS. [illegible] U. S. BUGGY & CART CO. [illegible] Cincinnati, O.

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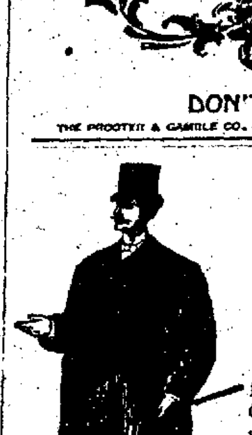

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Boys' suits to order, from $3.50 to $5 and up, including extra pair pants. Gents' fine Suits from $12 to $17 and up. Gents' fine Pants to order for $6.50 and up. Give me a call and select your goods and leave your measure.

V. Klappenbach.

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We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store.

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OUR FLOUR is just elegant try it.

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Remember we are agents for the Clothing House, of G. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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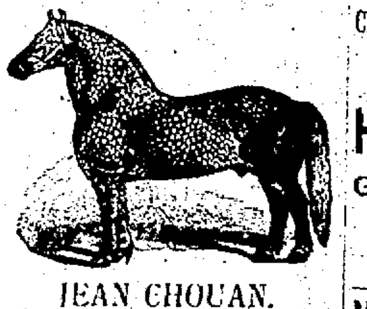

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He is 15 3-4 hands high; Weighs 1500 pounds; Is pure blood French Draft Stock; Imported from France 1888; Is Registered in France and America. He is one of the finest French Horses in Pennsylvania.

He will make the season at the following Places:

PORT ALLEGANY, Thursdays and Fridays. Balance of the time at SMETHPORT at PALMER & THOMPSON'S Stables.

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The Allerton at $75, $80 and $85, according to terms and equipments, is the best medium-priced wheel on the market. It has high frame and is up to date. Weighs 28 pounds. The Cleveland, price $100 formerly $160. The bargain of bargains, but don't forget our old reliable standby, THE RAMBLER.

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13 Mechanic Street.
Bradford

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

And Dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO

-:-PIPES, -: ETC.-:-

SMETHPORT, PA.

H. WARSHAFSKY,

Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, OIL CITY FEED, ETC.

East Smethport, Pa.—v31-n1-1y.

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Fresh Lime, Plaster, Cement,

Plastering Hair, Tile of all kinds, Fire and Clay Brick, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

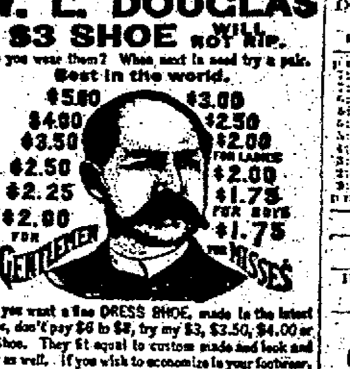
A. REILLY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

15, March 89—1y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.



If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect Feb. 18, 1894

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS ......[illegible] A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL ......[illegible] P. M.

Train leaving Smethport at 2:31 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south:

CLERMONT MAIL ......[illegible] A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMOD'N ......[illegible]
LOCAL ......[illegible]

Clermont Mail connects through to [illegible] burgh.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORDEN, Ticket Agent,
R. BELL, General Supt.,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pas'r. & T'k't. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R.

Direct lines between Bradford, [illegible] the [illegible] county oil field.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY [illegible]

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	STATIONS.	a.m.
7 45		9 37	ar. Bradford. lv	[illegible]
7 03		8 57	Kinzua Junct'n	[illegible]
6 37		8 49	Aiken	[illegible]
6 30		8 40	Davis	[illegible]
6 20		8 30	Simpson	[illegible]
6 2[illegible]		8 17	Ormsby	[illegible]
5 45		7 37	Smethport	[illegible]
5 35		7 30	Mt. Jewett	[illegible]
5 10		6 30	Kane	[illegible]
4 45			Carlsons	[illegible]
4 34			Spring Creek	[illegible]
4 11			Sheffield J.	[illegible]
4 02			Watson	[illegible]
3 30			Marionville	[illegible]
1 05			Clarion	[illegible]
12 15			Foxburg	[illegible]
11 40			Parker	[illegible]
11 10			Petrolia	[illegible]
11 05			Karns	[illegible]
10 50			Millerstown	[illegible]
10 05			Butler	[illegible]
8 15			Wildwood	[illegible]
7 30			Allegheny	[illegible]
a.m.				p.m.

JNO. G. McKENNA, Superintendent.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

Between, Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania.

On and after Nov. 19, 1893, passenger trains will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett, daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

7.45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, [illegible], Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1.30 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Golden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

2.00 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Golden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

8.02 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

3.17 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by conductor when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

D. LUNDERGAN, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
J. H. BARRETT, Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y. Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19th, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

EASTWARD.

8:25 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 10:08 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington, 8:37 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:40 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:20 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., 10:35 a. m. Sundays, Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway 3:00 p. m. for Erie.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

7:05 p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH

Train 1 leaves Renovo 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. [illegible]

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington a. m. 7:50, Baltimore 8:53 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 7:05 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. 10:25 a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

NORTH		SOUTH
A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	Ar. A. M.
9 40	Ridgway	[illegible]
9 55	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
10 10	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10 19	Straight	[illegible]
10 24	Instanter	[illegible]
10 30	Smith's Run	[illegible]
10 37	Woodvale	[illegible]
10 46	Clermont	[illegible]

Connections are made with train [illegible] at Johnsonburg at 3:10 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible], also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 1:45 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table; takes effect Monday, Dec. 18, 1893.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V. WEST'D		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.		P.M.
10.58	8.02	1.00	Coudersport	6.30	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.56	8.01	12.58	Pine Creek Jc	6.32	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.55	7.50	12.56	Hammond	6.34	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.50	7.56	12.55	Fish Basket	6.38	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.47	7.54	12.50	Olmsted	6.40	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.41	7.50	12.45	Mina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.32	7.44	12.38	Knowlton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.27	7.40	12.34	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.14	7.32	12.25	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.06	7.25	12.16	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.00	7.20	12.11	Port Allegany	9.15	[illegible]	[illegible]

PINE CREEK DIVISION.

1.06 p m	6.15 a m	Coudersport	a m 7.10 p m
1.11	6.18	Pine Creek Junction	7.0[illegible]
1.17	6.24	Fair Grounds	7.02
1.20	6.27	Ladona	6.5[illegible]
1.28	6.35	Sweden Valley	6.50

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R. TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, March 5th, 1894

5	3	1	STATIONS.	2	4
p m	p m	a m	Ar. Dp.	a m	p m
[illegible]	2:15	9:00	Keating	9:15	[illegible]
5:10	1:50	8:40	Cowley Junc.	9:35	[illegible]
[illegible]	1:25	8:15	Austin	10:00	[illegible]
[illegible]		7:55	Costello	10:30	[illegible]
[illegible]		7:30	Sanders	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		7:15	Wharton	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		7:05	Hull	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		6:45	Cross Fork Jc	12:00	[illegible]
[illegible]		6:20	Germania	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		5:50	Galeton	[illegible]	[illegible]
p m	p.m.	a.m	Dp. Ar.		
	p m	a m	Cross Fork Br.		
	2:30	8:45	ar Cr'F'k Jc dp	[illegible]	
	2:15	5:15	dp Cross Fk ar	[illegible]	

H. Hutchinson, Train Master. C. W. [illegible], Gen'l [illegible]

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